

WIN THE KROKUS AXE!

April 7-20 No 39 60p

The Only ROCK Magazine

Z. Z. TOP!

**Loco
heroes**

**SAXON!
JOURNEY!
TWISTED
SISTER!**



**DIO
hits back!**

The official HM charts specially compiled for Kerrang! from a nationwide survey of 50 specialist shops

SINGLES

- 1 - I AM (I'M ME) **Twisted Sister** (Atlantic)
- 3 - EASY LIVIN' **Fastaway** (CBS)
- 3 1 TOTAL ECLIPSE OF THE HEART **Bonnie Tyler** (CBS)
- 4 5 MY ANGEL **Rock Goddess** (A&M)
- 5 7 SEPARATE WAYS **JOURNEY** (CBS)
- 6 2 WHY D'YA LIE TO ME **Spider** (RCA)
- 7 12 WHEN IT'S TIME TO ROCK **UFO** (Chrysalis)



- 8 - STACK HEEL STRUTT **Wrathchild** (Bullet)
- 9 4 FALLING IN LOVE WITH YOU **Gary Moore** (Virgin)
- 10 11 YOUR LAST CHANCE E.P. **Various** (Flicknife)
- 11 6 RED SKIES **Samson** (Polydor)
- 12 8 HE KNOWS, YOU KNOW **Marillion** (EMI)
- 13 3 COLD SWEAT **Thin Lizzy** (Vertigo)
- 14 10 AFRICA **Toto** (CBS)
- 15 17 TWILIGHT ZONE **Golden Earring** (Mercury)
- 16 - A WORLD OF FANTASY **Triumph** (RCA)
- 17 9 EVERYBODY WANTS YOU **Billy Squier** (Capitol)
- 18 14 MARKET SQUARE HEROES **Marillion** (EMI)
- 19 - ONE TAKE NO DUBS E.P. **Various** (Neat)
- 20 13 SHADOWS OF THE NIGHT **Pat Benatar** (Chrysalis)
- 21 18 YOUR LOVE IS DRIVING ME CRAZY **Sammy Hagar** (Geffen)
- 22 16 PHOTOGRAPH **Def Leppard** (Vertigo)
- 23 - EVEN NOW **Bob Seger & The Silver Bullet Band** (Capitol)
- 24 27 OVER, UNDER, SIDEWAYS, DOWN **Yardbirds** (Edsel)
- 25 15 NEEDLE IN THE GROOVE **Mama's Boys** (Ultranoise)
- 26 20 SILVER MACHINE **Hawkwind** (United Artists)
- 27 21 CAROLINE (LIVE AT THE N.E.C.) **Status Quo** (Vertigo)
- 28 25 HEAVY METAL ROCK 'N' ROLL **Rock Goddess** (A&M)
- 29 - STRAIGHT FROM THE HEART **Bryan Adams** (A&M)
- 30 23 ALL RIGHT NOW **Free** (Island)

Compiled by MRIB

LOCAL CHART

- 1 RESTLESS AND WILD, **Accept**
- 2 12" EP, **Mercyful Fate**
- 3 POWER INFUSION, **Trance**
- 4 FALLING IN LOVE, **Gary Moore**
- 5 DEVIL SOLDIER, **Loudness** (Japanese Import)
- 6 MY ANGEL, **Rock Goddess**
- 7 LIVE IN '78, **Motorhead**
- 8 COLD SWEAT, **Thin Lizzy**
- 9 QUIET RIOT II, **Quiet Riot** (Japanese Import)
- 10 RED SKIES, **Samson**

Top selling HM Imports at Bleecker Bobs Records Store, 118 W. 3rd Street, New York. Compiled by John De Salvo

ALBUMS

- 1 - SCRIPT FOR A JESTER'S TEAR **Marillion** (EMI)
- 2 - POWER AND THE GLORY **Saxon** (Carrere)
- 3 9 KILROY WAS HERE **Styx** (A&M)
- 4 1 THUNDER AND LIGHTNING **Thin Lizzy** (Vertigo)
- 5 3 PYROMANIA **Def Leppard** (Vertigo)
- 6 11 ROCK GODDESS **Rock Goddess** (A&M)
- 7 2 FRONTIERS **Journey** (CBS)
- 8 14 HERE TO STAY **Neal Schon & Jan Hammer** (CBS)
- 9 4 TOTO IV **Toto** (CBS)
- 10 19 DAWN PATROL **Night Ranger** (Epic)
- 11 5 HEAVY **Various** (K-Tel)
- 12 12 SINK YOUR TEETH INTO THAT **Talas** (Food For Thought)
- 13 8 WHAT'S WORDS WORTH **Motorhead** (Big Beat)
- 14 18 NO GUTS, NO GLORY **Molly Hatchet** (Epic)
- 15 6 NEVER SURRENDER **Triumph** (RCA)
- 16 20 STRANGE BREW - THE VERY BEST OF CREAM **Cream** (RSO)
- 17 7 THE SINGLES **JIMI HENDRIX** (Polydor)
- 18 - TANÉ CAIN **TANÉ CAIN** (RCA)
- 19 15 MAKING CONTACT **UFO** (Chrysalis)



- 20 - IN THE RAW **Rods** (Shrapnel import)
- 21 23 ARRIVE ALIVE **Pallas** (Cool King)
- 22 10 LIVE EVIL **Black Sabbath** (Vertigo)
- 23 16 ROGER THE ENGINEER **Yardbirds** (Edsel)
- 24 13 GET NERVOUS **Pat Benatar** (Chrysalis)
- 25 - CUTS LIKE A KNIFE **Bryan Adams** (A&M)
- 26 29 RACING TIME **Santer** (HM Worldwide)
- 27 17 CODA **Led Zeppelin** (Swansong)
- 28 - METAL HEALTH **Quiet Riot** (Pasha import)
- 29 25 TIME TO TURN **Eloy** (HM Worldwide)
- 30 21 POWER IN FUSION **Trance** (Rockport import)
- 31 24 RECORDS **Foreigner** (Atlantic)
- 32 - HEAVY METAL MANIA **Exciter** (Shrapnel import)
- 33 28 SELF-DESTRUCTION **BLUES Hanoi Rocks** (Johanna)
- 34 26 WORLDS APART **Saga** (Portrait)
- 35 22 IN FLIGHT MOVIE **Starfighters** (Jive)
- 36 27 THREE LOCK BOX **Sammy Hagar** (Geffen)
- 37 32 THE DISTANCE **Bob Seger & The Silver Bullet Band** (Capitol)
- 38 31 HUGHES & THRALL **Hughes/Thrall** (Epic)
- 39 37 RESTLESS AND WILD **Accept** (CNR import)
- 40 30 "FROM THE MAKERS OF..." **Status Quo** (Vertigo)

Compiled by MRIB

IMPORT ALBUMS

- 1 - IN THE RAW **Rods** (Shrapnel)
- 2 - METAL HEALTH **Quiet Riot** (Pasha)
- 3 1 POWER IN FUSION **Trance** (Rockport)
- 4 - HEAVY METAL MANIA **Exciter** (Shrapnel)
- 5 3 RESTLESS AND WILD **Accept** (CNR)
- 6 - LOOK BEHIND **Journey** (Columbia)
- 7 7 VIRGIN STEELE **Virgin Steele** (VS)
- 8 2 ONWARD AND UPWARD **Head East** (A&M)
- 9 - MICHAEL BOLTON (Columbia)
- 10 8 LIVE **Riot** (Elektra)

Compiled by MRIB

KERRANG!

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**AN ALBUM AND CASSETTE
TO LOSE YOUR HEAD OVER**

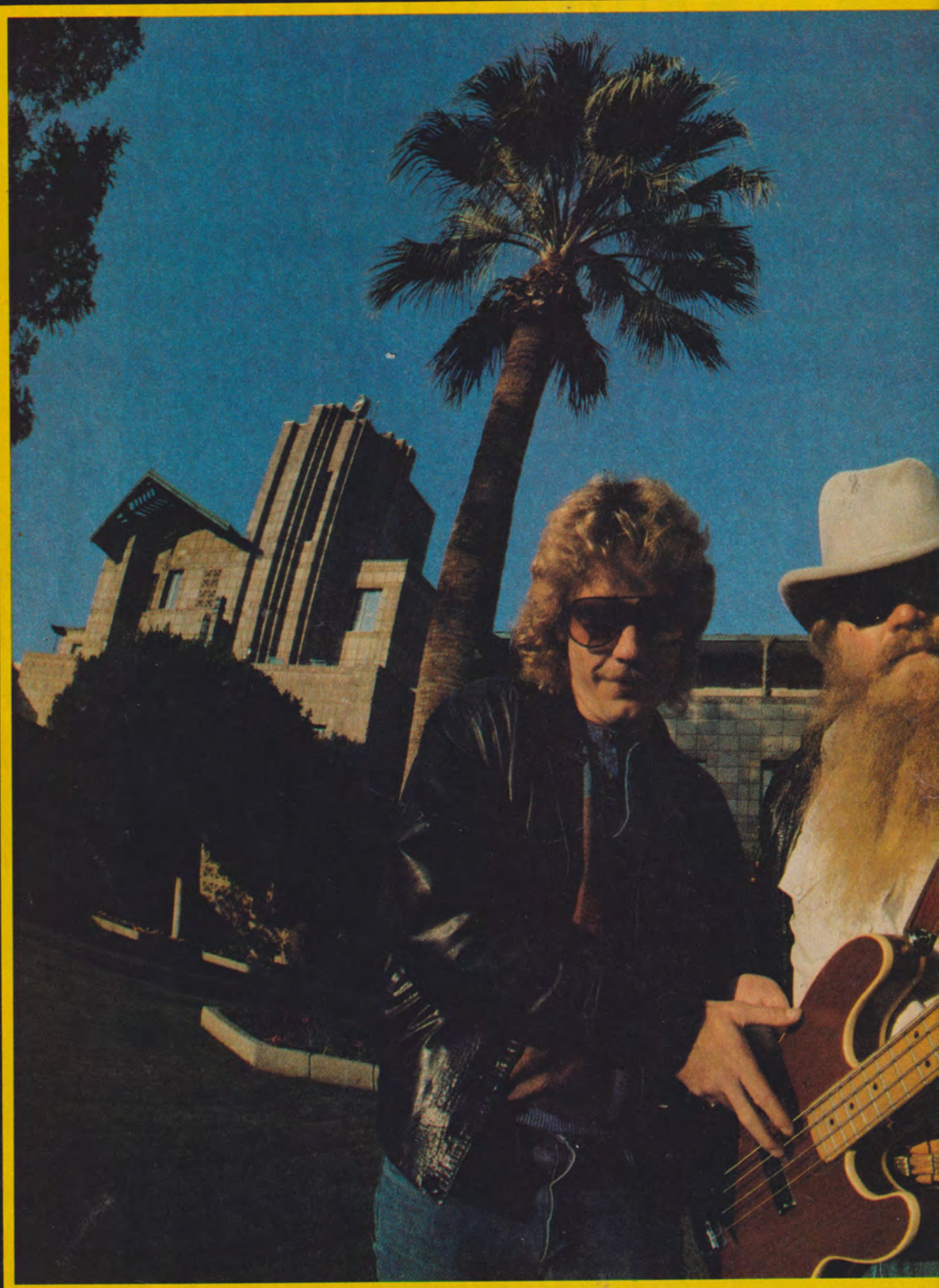
KROKUS
HEADHUNTER



Produced by Tom Allom

ARISTA

TOP HATS



Pic Ross Halfin

& TALES...

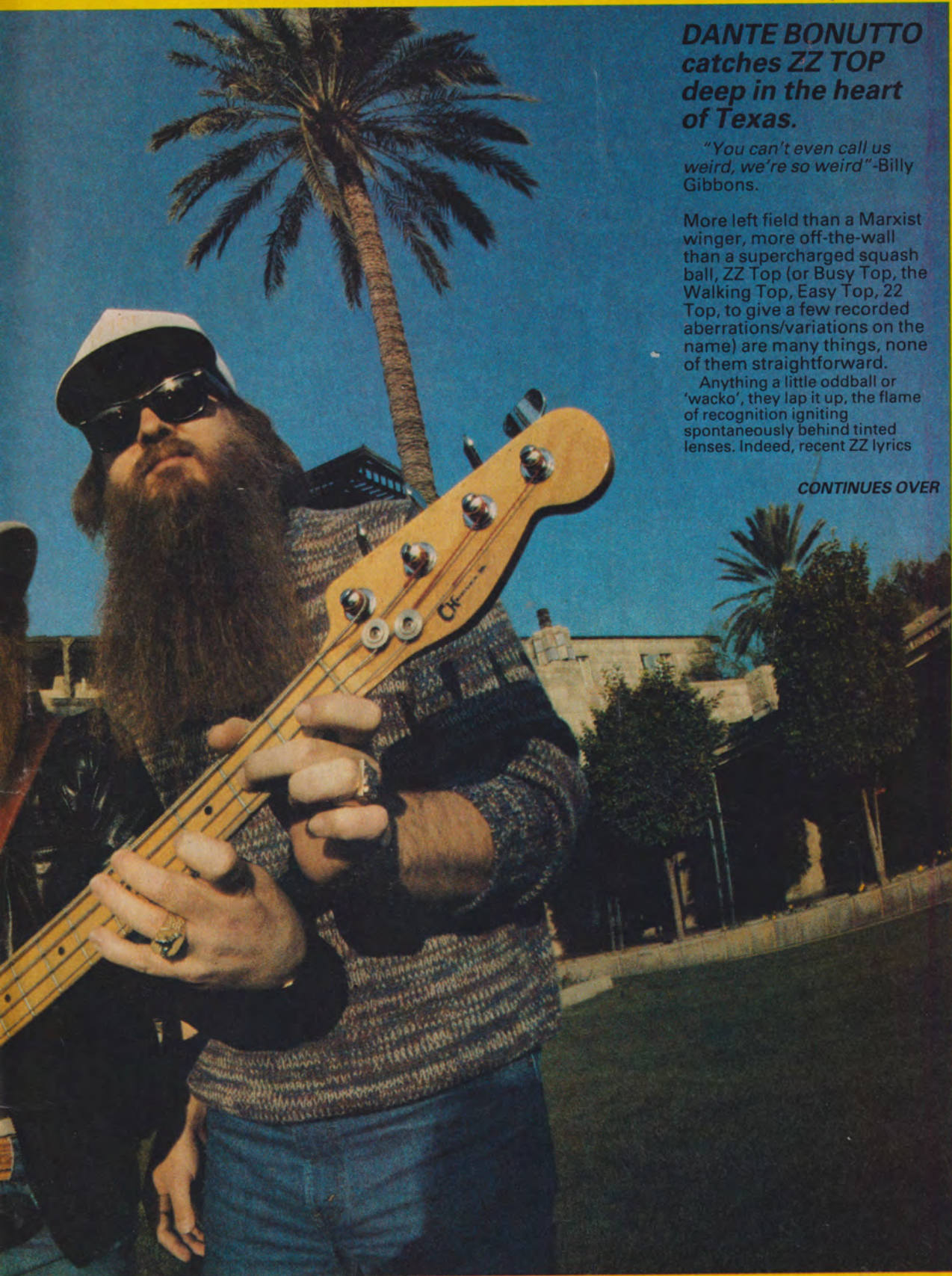
DANTE BONUTTO
catches ZZ TOP
deep in the heart
of Texas.

*"You can't even call us
weird, we're so weird"-Billy
Gibbons.*

More left field than a Marxist
winger, more off-the-wall
than a supercharged squash
ball, ZZ Top (or Busy Top, the
Walking Top, Easy Top, 22
Top, to give a few recorded
aberrations/variations on the
name) are many things, none
of them straightforward.

Anything a little oddball or
'wacko', they lap it up, the flame
of recognition igniting
spontaneously behind tinted
lenses. Indeed, recent ZZ lyrics

CONTINUES OVER





Dusty Hill (right) and 'Senator' Smith: "has anybody got a brew?"

have shown more than a healthy feel for the obtuse and the bizarre (they had no trouble latching onto the true meaning of *Kerrang!*), though the rhythms beneath, in the live scenario at least, remain strong enough to nod the head and pound the air to.

In truth, ZZ Top are a long way removed from the HM norm-the image, all beards 'n' baseball caps, showing scant regard for the more customary hip-hugging leather or spandex, and the music, more mellow of late, drawing influence from a variety of styles ("confusion rock", bassist Dusty Hill calls it) with blues particularly prominent - yet they continue to appeal to heavy rock followers and musos alike. Of the latter, Girlschool, Motorhead and the Tygers have all covered ZZ numbers, Nugent has long cited Billy Gibbons as his favourite guitarist, though the two have yet to meet, and Blackfoot and Iron Maiden chose the Top classic 'Tush' as the basis for their extended jam at last year's Reading Festival.

Clearly, there's more to this band than meets the eye so don't be fooled by appearances. Gibbons, also main vocalist, and Hill may look like musical Robinson Crusoes, Old Testament prophets even, happy to carpet their chins away from current trend, yet Billy in particular is well clued up on all

his musical contemporaries, having exchanged words with everyone from Costello to Beck and having tastes that stretch from Belgian techno-pop (he corresponds regularly with Euro-boppers Telex) to Bob Marley and beyond.

Being in London around 1976/77, he had a ringside view of the punk 'explosion', the way it (briefly) swept all in its path and turned traditional values of acceptability and success on their head, so is well aware that, for a musician, and not such a young one at that (all the band are 31), complacency and tunnel vision can be dangerous things indeed...

"Right then I realised just how quickly music had started to change," he explains. "All of a sudden the consciousness was, if you get popular you ain't happening... man, it was wild!"

Speaking of which, drummer Frank Beard (in fact, the only member of the band without a beard - see how silly it gets!) has been known to raise a little hell in his time, requiring extraction from an arm-long list of scrapes and near-things, but, having recently taken that long walk up the aisle, he's toned himself down considerably and it's Gibbons and Hill who now determine the character of the group. And characters they certainly are - particularly Billy. As a songwriter always on the

hunt for fresh ideas he'll happily sit and listen if you've a tale to tell, but give him the floor and he'll talk at length on a wide variety of subjects, rooting you to the chair with an elastic drawl and a measured, practised delivery.

Raise the subject of cars, and you'll learn about the ZZ Top 'funkmobile', a '65 Chevy Impala convertible holder of five first place trophies for best hydraulics at low-rider shows; mention Hendrix and he'll fill you in on the hours he spent watching him play in hotel rooms; try reggae, and he'll tell you of the time he went to Trinidad to see Marley headline a festival and found himself in the middle of a rasta riot, finally having to do a runner through customs to a waiting plane; move on to Mexico and, chances are, you'll emerge an expert on *chicano* culture, the history of Mexican radio (the 'X' stations), the story of Frederico Carrasco, a notorious bandit and heroin dealer, who provided the basis for the song 'El Diablo' and was finally gunned down by the Texas Rangers while trying to escape masked by two blackboards(!), not to mention Mexican dishes that'll leave your nostrils steaming and your tongue flicking the air Gene Simmons style. In fact, the only thing he seems loath to discuss is the origin of the band's name.

"It started out as something unusual, something strange, I must have looked at a BB King poster I guess," is about the most specific comment you'll get, though he'll enjoy telling you how much fun they've had with the Top title. "Everywhere we go, we'll show up at the hotel and somebody will say: 'y'all are the band, but where's ZZ, we want to talk to him'. Or better still, people will come up to us at parties and say: 'listen, I don't see him here but tell ZZ I said hello, I think that guy is something else, man!'"

One or two cards the Top prefer to play close to their chest but, by and large, you stand to learn a lot travelling around with Gibbons and co. For instance, did you know that Chile was invented in Texas rather than Mexico, or that a ten gallon 'tifter' draws its name from the Spanish word for the narrow band round the hat (I won't attempt to reproduce it here), the width of which times ten represents the height of the crown? No? Well you do now; and if your little black book's in need of a few extra names, some time with ZZ can fill that gap too.

Texans having a reputation (quite true, I assure you) for natural hospitality, it's no surprise that the band's shows attract an interesting cross-section of people, from celebrated groupies (i.e. Connie from Little Rock, a much travelled 'band aid' filed under 'adventure' in Gene Simmons's photo library), to top music biz execs and wealthy J.R. figures along for the ride. One friend of Billy's, based in Phoenix, Arizona, has a pristine collection of vintage cars including a Mercedes worth 50,000 dollars, while another,

'Senator' Smith, is worth a 'Fan Library' issue in his own right.

Sitting atop more money that I could even start to describe, at least without foaming at the mouth, he dismisses work in favour of trips to Vegas and on-the-road stints with Billy, Dusty and Frank. Clad in stetson, stackheels and expensive duds, and chewing on a cheroot formidable enough to leave even Jimmy Saville with his head in the pan, he's one of the trio's staunchest supporters, mixing beneath-the-breath cussin' with excitable cries of 'yeehah!' and the occasional, poignant plea for a 'brew'. As Billy points out, a true son of America.

Drop the name El Paso, Texas, and anyone who's ever watched a Western, spaghetti or otherwise, will know what to expect - temperatures swimming in the hundreds, tumbleweed towns, bleached bones, circling carrion and locals either lodged under sombreros in permanent *siesta* or spitting 'baccy through the gaps in darkened, Lemmy-like molars.

A cliché perhaps, but an accompanying Halfin, a veteran of trips to these southern, 'real man' zones, assured me that the temperatures would indeed be enough to singe a tenderfoot's nose to the short hairs... so, eyes narrowed in expectation of the white heat blast and Tote bags full to the seams with Hawaiian shirts and soothing balms, we burst from the plane door, only to be set upon by a wind that nips at all extremities and instantly blows away any chance of returning to the office with a burnt-toast tan (the best way to make other staff members jealous, particularly when you insist on telling them just what a tough time you've had!)

To be blunt it's cold, d-d-d-damn c-c-cold, with flecks of snow flying around like wind-blown confetti: freak conditions certainly, but that's little consolation as, heads down and teeth gritted, we make for the nearby hotel to establish contact with the Top and longstanding tour manager, J.W. Williams.

Currently in the throes of a short tour of well established stamping grounds, the band are due to appear tonight at the 8,500 capacity County Coliseum, a venue they haven't played in some 18 months. On that last fateful visit someone in the audience ended up on the wrong end of a flickknife, but this time around, though a few presumably intoxicated kids decide to shin up onto the lighting trusses and sprinkle Frank with potato chips, everyone that enters vertically succeeds in leaving in (roughly) the same manner.

Over the years, Billy and Dusty's onstage garb has veered wildly between the ridiculous and the sublime-battered top hats and boiler suits, flowered shirts, camouflage fatigues, etc ("whatever's comfortable and whatever you can go nuts in," says Billy) - and for these shows they've decided to pursue a sort

of 'Clockwork Orange' chic, hitting the boards in white jumpsuits and large industrial boots with multi-coloured laces. They'd wanted Dr. Martens and eagerly eye my own, but the good Doctor doesn't sell his wares this far afield so the next best thing just had to do.

On their 'Taking Texas To The People' tour, the band packed all manner of wildlife onto a Texas-shaped stage, but for this mini-excursion things are being kept pretty simple – the 'Alien' style paraphernalia rolling out from under the drum riser is still there, however, and some expertly coordinated lights and lasers prove more than enough to grab and hold the eye.

Featuring computerised lamps, able to swivel, change hue and vary the width and intensity of their beams (literally) at the touch of a button, and with a technician whose grown up with the band doing the touching, this stands as the most effective lightshow I've seen, showing that you don't need an AC/DC full-blaze constellation to make a pertinent point.

Tonight's crowd is divided evenly between the sexes, usual for ZZ shows, an expectant local chorus who lapse into a combustible condition as the band appear from the wings and launch the show with 'Groovy Little Hippie Pad', one of their more different compositions. Placed later in the set, audiences might find it hard to digest, but dumped instantly on supporters still struggling to balance atop rickety chairs, cool down fingers scalded from over-used lighters and catch a glimpse of the bearded, beghatted upfront duo, it works just fine.

Dusty swots at the strings of his Charvel and Frank guards the beat unobtrusively in the rear, while Billy, injecting the first touch of humour into the show, does his customary semi-stagger across the stage, holding on tight to the miniature Chiquita 'travel' guitar he invented (and which floats in water incidentally), a manoeuvre he carries out with all the panache of an over-large schoolkid attempting to ride his younger brother's tri-cycle – and succeeding!

The spark of the band live makes you realise just how poor the production on their albums really is though, around Texas at least, it doesn't seem to have stopped them selling. In the Lone Star state their cause has been taken up with quasi-religious zeal, something due in part to the fact that, despite much counsel to the contrary, they've chosen to base themselves in Houston rather than New York or Los Angeles, America's recognised music capitals, proving that you don't have to stray far from your own backyard to make it big.

Simply, ZZ want to hold on to their roots, a desire that surfaces in all they do. It's the reason why, for example, they formed the 'Lone Wolf Horns' and parped the saxes themselves on 'Deguello', and presumably the reason why one of Billy's few outward

concessions to extravagance is a Texas-shaped ring encrusted with diamonds.

"One key to playing is to stay true to your art whatever it may be," he explains. "ZZ Top will never be considered a punk, new wave or highly electronic band."

Says Dusty: "We just try to keep the energy level up."

'ZZ at the TCC', blare radio ads the following day, the band being set to appear at the Tucson County Coliseum, a larger more welcoming venue than its EP counterpart. Normally, the three travel from date to date by chartered jet but this time around they've opted for a tour bus. So, while they make the connection by road, Halfin and myself take first to the bar then later to the skies.

Sadly, Tucson, the home of the Western ('The High Chaparral' is filmed here and no-one blinks if you do the silly things you've always dreamed of, like order a 'shot of red-eye') is also gripped by an icy chill, though as the night wears on the Coliseum becomes more a bubbling cauldron than a frosty cavern.

Again it's 'GLHP' that gets things underway, followed by a growling 'I Thank You', while 'Waitin' For The Bus' takes in one of the show's few choreographed moments, a dainty two-step to and from the mike executed in unison by Billy and Dusty. 'Jesus Just Left Chicago', another 'Tres Hombres' fave, and 'I'm Bad, I'm Nationwide' return the crowd to their feet, before 'Ten Foot Pole' provides the cue for turquoise and violet strands of light to 'cage' the band in, a memorable effect instantly topped during the splendidly titled 'Manic Mechanic', where the anarchic mid-section meets its match in an equally anarchic lightshow that has multi-coloured beams criss-crossing the stage, apparently at random, and green lasers shooting out from behind a kit now wreathed in trails of smoke.

A snappy 'Heard It On The X' sees Dusty blowing the cobwebs off his tonsils, then the pace slows a little for 'A Fool For Your Stockings' (a title I remember Coverdale taking a shine to some time ago), complete with tasteful guitar from Gibbons and the latter's time-honoured 'Rev. Billy Gee' rap, stern advice to those assembled on the crosses we all have to bear.

'Pearl Necklace' follows, benefitting from an astute use of syn-drums, then it's a heady charge for home with 'Beer Drinkers & Hell Raisers' giving way to 'Party On The Patio', Dusty by this time having reclaimed the mike. Encores are inevitable and take the form of 'Cheap Sunglasses', syn-drums again cutting through the mix and the lasers on this occasion constructing a pyramid around the kit and sweeping high above the heads of the multitude, with 'Tube Snake Boogie', 'Mexican Blackbird' and, of course, 'Tush' bringing matters to a close.

The latter, its title derived from the Texan term 'Tush Hog', meaning a particularly

voluptuous woman, has become something of an anthem for the band, rather like 'Paranoid' with Sabbath or Ozzy, and has been sung by people as unlikely as the late John Belushi. It even surfaces on the jukebox in 'An Officer And A Gentleman'; not bad for a number knocked together at a sound-check one very hot day in Alabama...

Our next stop is Phoenix, where we find ourselves checked into the Biltmore Hotel, a bizarre mix of sumptuous elegance and crashing bad taste. On the surface it's luxury personified – the path up to the entrance cuts its way through groves of orange trees, the lawns are manicured rather than just trimmed and the service is spruce and efficient, involving much tugging of forelocks and 'have a nice day'-ing. But, on closer inspection, you realise that the whole thing, like some out of control Victorian folly, is built to resemble an Aztec temple, that the waiter's tails aren't traditional black but orange with the odd splash of green here and there and that cocktails come served in rugged, cactus-shaped glasses. Built by *nouveau riche* mafiosi in 1929, it's all quite impressive but in a gross sort of way. Halfin, needless to say, still talks of the place with misty eyes.

Later that day, in one of the many chalets, Billy and I link up for a pre-gig chat, with the new ZZ album, 'Eliminator', high on the list of topics to be discussed. Now complete, this imminent opus looks like being both a step backwards and a healthy hop into the future.

A step backwards because, by all accounts, it represents a return to a heavier 'Tres

Hombres' style, and a move forwards because new production ideas have at last reared their head and synth and guitar brought together to create some fresh, "wilder" sounds. Interesting certainly, particularly when you consider that one member of the ZZ camp has already spoken of the new material in the same breath as AC/DC!

"For some reason we just hit on these real heavy sounds," says Billy, sliding into a chair, "and the heavier it got the better we liked it. It's real solid."

"With 'El Loco' a lot of people, especially the Europeans, felt we might have been getting a little too mellow. We were in a record store in Memphis the other day, and these two cats, real heavy headbangers, were thumbing through the albums down at the end where the Z's were – Zeppelin, ZZ Top – and this one guy looked at his buddy and said: 'yeah, I still like 'em, I don't care if they did get into that punk shit'. And we're standing there but they didn't see us. A few minutes later they walked over, and when they *did* see us they wanted autographs and stuff. So Dusty says: 'hey, man, I'll be happy to. As a matter of fact we just got through cutting a new record – no punk shit!'"

I'm not sure if ZZ have ever come close to crushing the Pistol's toes, but 'El Loco' certainly featured some 'mystery' excursions – 'Groovy Little Hippie Pad', 'Ten Foot Pole' and, above all, 'Heaven, Hell Or Houston', a barely audible croak over a nebulous musical backdrop. How

CONTINUES PAGE 9



Pic Ross Halfin

**"Our aim is to play the shit out
of some good music and have
a goddam good time." — Billy
Gibbons**



FROM PAGE 7

the hell (no pun intended) did that one come about?

"We were on tour one time and we went up to New York to play – not just New York City but all the little towns as well. Anyway, we ended up at a venue in one of those atrocious industrial holes, and, whereas usually they'll be something backstage to eat and drink, at this gig there was just an empty coke bottle filled with tap water and a small bowl of potato chips. We were horrified, plus I was crying cos I was homesick... we wrote the song that night."

What about the 'island of chandaliar' line, though; where did that come from?

"Well, that was a line I copped from this religious radio minister called the Rev. J. Charles Jessup. He was the sort of guy who'd try to sell you an autographed picture of Jesus – think about that! And he wasn't the only one..."

Such dubious 'men of God' would go about their work on the Mexican X stations (US radio 'call' letters started first with W then K so Mexico plumped for X), some of which could be picked up as far afield as Canada. The powerful broadcast towers (a certain Doc Brinkley, originally from Missouri, erected one in 1936 with 500,000 watts of juice!) not only fried any unsuspecting birds in the vicinity but sent out country & western and heavy blues, intermingled with pitches to sell live chickens and, Brinkley's speciality, goat gland operations said to restore the sex drive of the elderly and the inform.

"Man, that Rev. Jessup was so cool," continues Billy. "He eventually went to prison he got so outlandish. He'd say: 'I'm going to the island of chandaliar, and I'm going to plant my knees in that beach sand and let the salty sea-water tickle my toes. When the sea turns to wormwood and the moon turns to butter you know my prayers will be for you... Now, you must understand, an undertaking of this magnitude requires a great deal of money...' It was so ridiculous, but I was fascinated by that guy."

An even greater source of fascination for the burgeoning Gibbons, however, was a black guitarist from Seattle who'd already made quite a name for himself in England. While Dusty and Frank were sporting long blue hair in a band called (wait for it) The American Blues, an outfit continually banned from all the best places, including girlfriend's houses, Billy and his group The Moving Sidewalks were opening up for Hendrix on the Texas leg of his 'Are You Experienced?' US tour.

As time went by, Jimi and the 17 year old Gibbons became close friends, closer than a modest Billy usually admits – they jammed onstage in Phoenix, trading blows on 'Purple Haze' and 'Foxy Lady', and among Billy's 200 guitars is a pink Strat presented to him by this guitar hero extraordinaire. In the end,

The Sidewalks stayed on the tour right through to Los Angeles.

"What was so funny, though," says Billy, "was that we had 'Purple Haze' in our set and we didn't know enough songs to leave it out. We had to play it before he came out and did it. Man, he thought it was hilarious."

The evening's gig at the Veteran's Memorial Coliseum proves another partisan, near sellout affair, with 'Francene' and 'Just Got Paid' surfacing to extend the set and Billy coaxing some choice sounds out of the Erlewine Automatic acquired for him by the 'Senator'. Until recently, he was swearing by his '59 Les Paul for live work (the one in his hands on the cover of *Kerrang!* no 19) but the Erlewine, he feels, provides an even fatter blast, important for a three-piece, and he's now lined up several similar models including an orange one sculpted to resemble a Cadillac that occasionally makes an entrance late in the set.

These days, the Gibbons onstage gear also includes a small TV screen, flanked by a baffling array of knobs and multi-coloured lights. It certainly looks impressive, winking away alongside his backline, and is indeed a sophisticated piece of equipment – a computerised gizmo designed to kick in certain effects whenever it recognises a particular sequence of notes – but at the moment it's standing idle, set up simply to add an extra touch of mystique to the guitarist's performance.

"Bullshit," laughs Billy, "pure bullshit!"

Not that it really matters, mind. With this band the impact of the show is very much down to the human element, something that may soon become clear to rock fans and closet cowboys the length and breadth of the land, as plans for a full UK tour this summer are now tentatively etched on the ZZ agenda. Also in the pipeline are trips to Australia and Japan, and blues boomers will be pleased to hear that the Top may well be recording a strictly blues-based album for the European market only. Could this mean the return of the 'Lone Wolf Horns'? According to Billy, it's more than likely...

All this, however, remains unconfirmed, so for the benefit of those cynical by birth, let me round off proceedings with a few firmer points. 1) 'Eliminator' will be shrink-wrapped and in the shops very soon (it's scheduled for a mid-April release). 2) Billy and Dusty's advanced five o'clock shadow looks set to keep them warm for a good few nights to come, though the latter recently came close to starting a bush-blaze on his chin. 3) The ZZ trio find themselves happy in each other's company and have no intention of breaking up a hot team.

"Our aim," says Billy, "is to play the shit out of some good music and have a goddam good time. We'll talk about splitting headaches and splitting hairs but not splitting up!"

A "yeah!" I think is in order.

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ANTI-NOWHERE LEAGUE	TA1064	MOTORHEAD	TA1028	RICHIE BLACKMORE	R074
ANTI-NOWHERE LEAGUE	P3347	B52's	R020	THE GO-GOS	R075
THEATRE OF HATE	TA1063	KISS	P3268	BRUCE LEE	R077
DAVID COVERDALE	TA1045	IAN DURY	P3200	LINDSEY BUCKINGHAM	R080
GENESIS	P3296	LED ZEPPELIN	P3133	JIM MORRISON	R081
IRON MAIDEN	P3284	LED ZEPPELIN	P3086	SANTANA	P3160
THIN LIZZY	K1222	ROBERT PLANT	W51	PINK FLOYD	P3208
SUZIE OLATRO	V1192	JIMMY PAGE	W61	GENESIS	R066
JIMI HENDRIX	P3260	BOOMTOWN RATS	V1153	MICHAEL SCHENKER BAND	R067
UFO	K1247	BOB GELDOF	P3240	DEF LEPPARD	R068
KISS	P3236	ROLLING STONES	P3092	REO	R069
STATUS QUO	P3100	THE PRETENDERS	V6155	SPEEDWAGON	R070
QUEEN	K1263	OLIVIA NEWTON-JOHN	P3193	MICK JAGGER	TA1024
ROLLING STONES	B2478	OLIVIA NEWTON-JOHN	P33	THE BEATLES	R038
MOTORHEAD	P78	JOHN	P33	THE DOORS	R041
RUSH	B2450	OLIVIA NEWTON-JOHN	S2115	JIM MORRISON	R040
JIMI HENDRIX	B2094	JOHN	S2115	LYNYRD SKYNYRD	R025
RUSH	P47	ROD STEWART	P3199	SKYBAND	R08
JIMI HENDRIX	K4019	ELVIS COSTELLO	P3223	PAT BENATAR	P3198
BOB DYLAN	K1243	ERIC CLAPTON	P3211	ELO	R014
BLACK SABBATH	TA1040	DAVID LEE ROTH	R04	RUSH	K1237
BLACK SABBATH	P3341	THE	R3252	YES	P3173
THE JAM	V6152	UNDERTONES	R02	THE WHO	R042
MADNESS	V6157	BLONDIE	TA1002	DAVID BOWIE	R06
GILLAN	V1297	BLONDIE	P3158	GENESIS	P3166
JETHRO TULL	P3264	THE STRANGLERS	TA1002	UFO	P3256
ANGUS YOUNG	B1167	ADAM WITH ANTS	TA1008	LED NUGENT	R011
KIM WILDE	P3321	THE FONZ	W55	POLICE	R011
CLASH	R05	BLACK SABBATH	P3285	JUDAS PRIEST	P3255
FREDDY MERCURY	R021	CLASH	TA1022	JUDAS PRIEST	TA1004
SAXON	P3317	ANGUS YOUNG	TA1018	SHAM 69	P3201
IRON MAIDEN	P3318	ANGUS YOUNG	R063	JERRY GARCIA	TA1031
IRON MAIDEN	B1165	JOHNSON (AC/DC)	R061	MICK JAGGER	TA1020
STATUS QUO	B1166	BON SCOTT	R064	MARILYN MONROE	R079
MOTORHEAD	W69	BRUCE	TA1030	JOHN WAYNE	V1157
FLEETWOOD MAC	R044	SPRINGSTEEN	TA1036	LED ZEPPELIN	TA1034
ROGER DALTRY	R052	TOYAH	V1260	WENDY O'WILLIAMS	R051
JIMMY PAGE	P3046	MARTIN SHAW	M1386	CHEAP TRICK	R013
PINK FLOYD	K1224	ROLLING STONES	TA1009	JIMI HENDRIX	P3040
STATUS QUO	K1223	STYX	R073	OSZIE OSBORNE	TA1021
BLACK SABBATH	P3285			STEVIE NICKS	R059
BLACK SABBATH	K1244			THE SCORPIONS	P3231
RAINBOW	P3171			BOB DYLAN	P3212
KISS	P3206			STATUS QUO	P3207
AC/DC	P3246			QUEEN	P3174
LED ZEPPELIN	K4004			VAN HALEN	P3251
BLUE OYSTER CULT	P3312			VAN HALEN	TA1027
XTC	K1273			JIMI HENDRIX	R085
U2	K1235				
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■ IT'S NICE to be able to report a success story in which 'Mayhem' actually played a small part. Remember the news in issue 36 about **Static** splitting up, and vocalist Noel Jones looking for a new band? Well, he's found one! For the man has now been joined by guitarist **Andy Simmons**, guitarist / keyboardman **Ross Bingham**, bassist **Pete Blanchard**, and drummer **Kev Baker** in a new-look **Static**. These aforementioned instrumentalists previously formed the back-bone of a Redhill-based outfit called **Sphinx**, and apparently contacted Jones after seeing his plea in Mayhem.

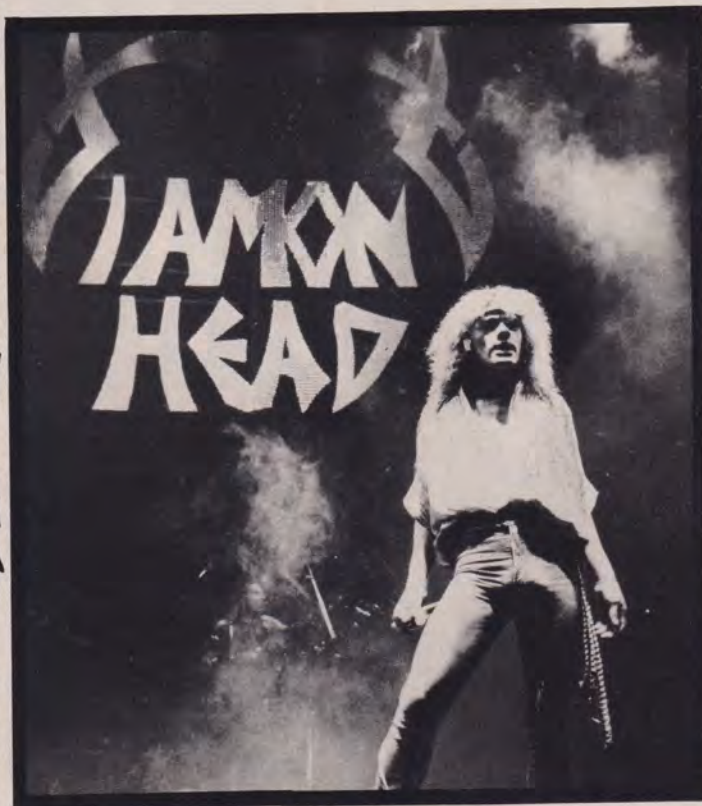
■ **VIRGIN STEELE** are back in the studio once again, recording their second LP. As yet no title or release date has been confirmed. However, songs to be featured will include 'Burn The Sun' (remember the Elf album 'Trying To Burn The Sun?'), 'A City In The Night', 'Metal City' and 'The Lesson'. Vocalist **David DeFeis** promises "it's going to be a killer". We await vinyl developments with bated breath.

■ IN THE meantime, the band's first LP, 'Virgin Steele 1', has now been issued in this country on Music For Nations Records.

■ IN THE great 'show must go on' circus tradition, **Spider** recently up and played three sell-out gigs in Austria. Originally, the band were supposed to play support to **UFO** at these concerts in Salzburg and Pinkfeld. But when the latter pulled out for well-publicised reasons, **Brian Burrows** and the lads opted to step into the breach, performing before, 3,800 fans each night who ostensibly had bought tickets to see Mogg's men and not Spider. "We did very well. And not one person wanted their money back, when they found out **UFO** weren't on the bill," says **Burrows**.

AND FOLLOWING this overseas success, **Spider** intend to tour in such foreign climes as Poland, Israel, Australia and about 20 other non-British countries before the year is out. But they've not forgotten about us, cos on April 22, accompanied most likely by **Raven** and an Austrian band called **No Bros** (who apparently sound rather like **Deep Purple** and have had six LPs issued in their native land on RCA), the boys head out on a 20-date tour, taking in such venues as the Glasgow Apollo, Edinburgh Playhouse ... and Hammersmith Odeon! Following on from this, plans are also afoot for a massive Autumn **Spider** trek here, to coincide with the release of their second album.

■ IT LOOKS likely that Neat label-mates **Raven** and **Jaguar** will shortly be heading out to the East Coast of America arm-in-arm for a short tour. THE FIRST LP from **Jaguar**, 'Power Games', is now set for a late April release on Neat Records. The reason for this delay in vinyl appearance is because said album is now being re-mixed. And whilst we're talking about **Jaguar**, the band wish it to be known that their official mailing address is: 25, Seventh Avenue, Filton, Bristol.



■ **DIAMOND HEAD** expect to have their second album in the shops by June. Entitled 'Night Of The Swords' (which means they've stuck to their original intentions announced some time ago), it has once again been produced by **Mike Hedges**, recording having taken place at London's Battery Studios. A single is to be issued on April 22, although at the time of going to press its title hadn't been announced.

■ **MUCHO ACTIVITY** on the **Tygers Of Pan Tang** front. The band have now signed a major management deal with Metro Communications, owned by Lloyd Beaney and Mike Dolan, who you may recall formerly managed **Judas Priest**. However, they have now parted company with MCA, a rather surprising move when you consider that their last LP, 'The Cage', probably sold more copies than their previous three combined!

■ IF YOU fancy taking the ferry to Holland, then make a note of the date June 25. For on this very red letter day, the Aardshock festival will be rearing its head in dyke-land. And quite a line-up has been put together. **Vandenberg**, German outfit **Warning**, and **Raven** are all booked to appear. But most surprising of all is that both **Venom** and **Mercyful Fate** have agreed to participate in the binge ... which should provide a veritable satanic overkill, and have a spectacular effect on local garlic sales!

■ **VENOM** are all set to appear at this outdoor annihilation after their much-mooted trip to the States. In celebration of this latter, a limited edition (only 1000 are to be pressed) picture disc single, featuring a previously unreleased cut, 'Die Hard',

will manifest itself in America. But before all you hardened demons make grandiose plans to turn into bats and fly the Atlantic in search of such prize material, rest assured this will be issued in Britain very shortly after the Stateside release.

■ DID YOU spot the wind-up a couple of issues back? That billboard in Hollywood begging your support for the 'Majority For Musical Morality' was no sinister plot against rock 'n' roll's excesses, but rather a cleverly concocted advert for the recent **Styx** album 'Kilroy Was Here', within the course of which the 'MMM' actually make their debut. No such organisation exists (YET) in the States, although knowing the capacity certain Americans have for picking up on any rolling fad, don't be too surprised if some enterprising Yank takes it into his head to put such an operation into gear!

■ **GRIM REAPER**, who've been featured in past **Kerrang!** issues, have now been joined by keyboards player **Andy Thomas**, although a spokesman for the band was at pains to stress that "this doesn't mean we're gonna be wimping out."

■ LIFE IS definitely moving in to the fast lane for San Franciscan label Shrapnel. Following the recent release of 'US Metal III', **The Rods**' 'In The Raw', the debut self-titled LP from the **Wild Dogs**, and 'Heavy Metal Maniac' from **Exciter**, yet more vinyl endeavours are already in hand. Label proprietor **Mike Varney** has informed us that he's producing long-players for such as **Culprit**, **Steeler**, and **Hawaii** (the last-named being formerly known as **Vixen**).

■ AS IF all this activity isn't enough, workaholic **Varney** is also talking seriously to much-fancied **Armored Saint** about issuing some product, and he's contacted **Metallica** for similar reasons. However, with the latter at least, Shrapnel aren't having things entirely their own way. For, it seems the legendary Rock 'N' Roll Heaven organisation in New York has plans to start up their own record label, and would like **Metallica** as their flag-ship priority. In fact, they're even talking in terms of persuading **Chris Tsangarides** to produce 'em!

WHILST WE'RE on the **Varney** trail, the man has now announced the demise of his own band **Cinema**. "I've decided I'd much rather produce than play," he says. But, at least he's managed to make a little cash from the name. Remember how we informed you several issues back about the ensuing battle between **Varney** and the **Rabin / Squire / White / Kaye** supergroup axis over the monicker? Well, the entire matter has now been resolved with the latter mob acquiring the rights to **Cinema**, and the former being paid a considerable pittance in settlement.

■ WATCH OUT for a new **Girlschool** platter in June. Although not many details have yet escaped concerning such minor things as titles and track listings, one thing is certain - the entire kaboodle is being produced by Richard Cordell, who's worked with the likes of **Joan Jett** in the past. So much for **Kim**'s claim in issue 33 that "we will work with a recognised heavy rock producer, come what may."

■ IT WAS celebrity time with a vengeance at **Girlschool**'s recent sell-out appearance at the Roxy Club in Los Angeles. For seen brushing shoulders with the masses were the entire **Mötley Crüe** entourage, all five **Go-Gos**, a couple of old **Runaways**, **Jeff Beck**, **Rick James** ... and, most surprising of all, **Jack Nicholson**. As far as we can ascertain, Mr Nicholson didn't get up onstage and jam with da goils.

■ NORTH LONDON has a new live heavy rock venue. It's called **The Boston**, has a capacity of some 800, and it is hoped it will fill the present Capital gap between clubs such as the Marquee and mega-venues in the Hammy Odeon mould. Licensed for booze until 2 am, the HR night is held every Wednesday at 178 Junction Rd, N.19, opposite Tufnell Park underground station. Somehow, we doubt if 'alright, are you ready to rock, Tufnell Park?' is gonna become a mega catch-phrase. But, it's nice to see there's one place committed to live heavy music opening up at a time when most venues seem to be fighting shy of such events.

■ **WORD IS** beginning to trickle through on those major names set to play the Marquee as part of the club's 25th anniversary celebrations. The original **Manfred Mann** chart-topping group from the sixties is to re-form for a one-night appearance on April 30. And much-loved Welsh hippies **Man** will be doing 'the business' by getting back together again for May 13/14 gigs. There's also word of former **Thin Lizzy** guitarist **Eric Bell** and ex-Colosseum man **Dick Heckstall-Smith** being included in the all-star **Main Squeeze** line-up set to hit the Marquee boards on April 20/21. And legendary blues aficionado **Alexis Korner** revives his famous 'Marquee Blues Nights' on April 28/29.

■ **YET MORE** classic re-issues from the Charisma label. This latest batch includes 'Godbluff' from **Van Der Graaf Generator**, 'Astounding Sounds, Amazing Music' from **Hawkwind**, 'Trepas' from **Genesis** (at last a chance to compare early Gabriel-era stuff to Marillion! **Peter Hammill's** 'Nadir's Big Chance', 'Defector' from **Steve Hackett**, and 'Soundtrack' from **Monty Python**. All of these are available in cassette form only at budget prices.

■ **MATINEE MUSIC RECORDS** are planning to put together a hard-rock compilation, and are interested in hearing from any budding **Judas Priest**/**Iron Maiden**-style front-room or closet megastars. Bands who wish to be immortalised on vinyl should send in demo tapes to **Chris Broderick** at Matinee Music, 132 Oxford Rd, Reading, Berks, RG1 7NL.

■ **MAYBE IT'S** something about **Kerrang!** coverage, but in the wake of **Udo Dirkschneider** quitting **Accept** so soon after our front-page explosion, **Picture** vocalist **Shmoulik Avigal**, obviously unable to handle the fame heaped upon the band so recently in these hallowed pages, has left them for reasons unknown. His replacement is a hitherto unknown chappie from Jersey called **Ian Lovell**. And, British audiences will very soon get the chance to check him (and the rest of the guys) out. For **Picture** are all set to make their first-ever appearance on these shores towards the end of April, following a guest-spot on April 20 at an Israeli (!) HM festival.

■ **NEW PHONOGRAM** signing **Taurus** have recently run into problems. Seems their debut album, produced in the States by **Jeff Glixman**, ran into severe technical troubles. But, these never came to light until AFTER the band had packed their bags and headed back to Blighty. So, **Taurus** are now in Rockfield Studios re-doing the entire project, with **Pat Moran** sitting in for **Glixman**.

■ **STAMPEDE** seem to have been finding the relatively simple task of recording a studio album rather hard work. The band started off in Parkgate Studios, but soon fled after the local ghostie decided to join in the mayhem. Having found solace and comfort at Britannia Row Studios, bad luck struck when vocalist **Reuben Archer** was struck down with a combination of flu and tonsillitis. So, off they trooped to the Marquee Studios, where ... the multi-track machine (a cool £35,000 trinket) broke down, taking two days to replace, by which time, in order to meet a looming deadline, the lads were forced to cancel a European tour. Now, what was that about 'Days Of Wine & Roses'?



■ **THE NEW Anvil LP**, 'Forged In Fire', has at last been scheduled for release. It'll be available in mid-May, with the following complete track listing: 'Butter, Bust Jerky', 'Back Waxed', 'Motormount', 'Winged Assassins', 'Forged In Fire', 'Shadow Zone', 'Free As The Wind', 'Never Deceive Me Again', 'Future Wars', 'Hard Times', 'Fast Ladies', 'I'll Make It All Up To You' (originally entitled 'Never Collar Me Again', and slated to be issued). According to 'Laughing' Ralph Alphonso **Anvil's** label, Attic, 'F In F' is "real fast and complicated, with not a ballad in sight."

STILL ON the **Anvil** front, it seems likely that the fabled team of **Leber & Krebs** (who handle the affairs for such luminaries as **Aerosmith**) are all set to sign up **Lips & co** for management. And if this veritable outpouring still doesn't satiate your desire for info, then you can join the band's fan club, The Metal Pounders Union by writing to them at the following address: Local 666, PO Box 98, Station Z, Toronto, Ontario, Canada, M5N 1A0. All members of this 'exclusive' union get special discount prices on official **Anvil** merchandise and regular 'shop reports' from 'shop steward' **Al Loys** on what's happening with da boos.

■ **IN THE** meantime, it looks as if the next red-veined heavy band to break out of Toronto might well be a bunch called the **Killer Dwarves**, said to sound rather like **Anvil**. Negotiations are already underway for this peculiarly-monickered mob to sign with Attic and record a (miniature?) LP under the watchful gaze of producer **Chris Tsangerides**.

■ **RUMOUR HAS** it that drummer **Bobby Rondinelli** has finally parted company with **Rainbow**. Although no confirmation has been forthcoming, it does seem that this time around (after a number of previous 'cry wolf' style announcements from unofficial sources) the split is definite. At the time of going to press nothing is known on either **Rondinelli's** replacement, or indeed on the drummer's future plans.

■ **Contrary** to what has been said in the recent past concerning former **Maiden** drummer **Clive Burr's** intention to quit the music biz, it seems now that he's joined forces with French band **Trust**. At least that's according to the latest issue of French rock monthly **Best**. At the time of going to press, this has yet to be confirmed by any official sources. However, it is being stated with some authority by the mag in question that the Burr-accompanied **Trust** are in the throes of recording a new LP in Paris, under the production guidance of **Andy Jones**, who recently worked on the **Hughes/Thrall** debut album. Whether **Burr's** **Trust** tie-in proves to be more than just a temporary recording alliance remains to be seen. Certainly the man has also been linked recently with both **John McCoy** and **Uli Jon Roth**.



■ **FRIDAY NIGHTS** will never be the same – not if **Jonathan King's** got anything to do with it. From April 15 the BBC begin his weekly screening of 'Entertainment USA' and the good news for hard rock fans is that there'll be plenty of metal on the show.

According to King: "There is very little of the music that **Kerrang!** caters for on British TV at the moment, and that's the sort of thing we'll be featuring fairly heavily in 'Entertainment USA' – bands like **Van Halen**, **Judas Priest**, **Iron Maiden** and **Billy Squier**. In fact **Kiss** will be on the second show with a marvellous video."

The effect of 'Entertainment USA' could be quite dramatic as far as the hard rock scene is concerned and it'll certainly brighten up small screen viewing. The programme goes out at nine o'clock on Friday nights and we'll be featuring an in-depth interview with **Jonathan King** in our next issue.

TOUR DATES

TWISTED SISTER continue their first major nationwide tour, with the following dates: Dunstable Queensway Hall April 8, Liverpool Royal Court 10, Hanley Victoria Hall 11, Manchester Metro Theatre 12, Edinburgh The Nite Club 14, Newcastle Mayfair 15, Bradford St. George's Hall 16, Sheffield University 17, Birmingham Odeon 18, London Lyceum 19. Support band for all gigs is to be **Infidel**.

FASTWAY promote the release of their eponymous debut album on CBS, with a six-date tour: Liverpool Royal Court April 18, Manchester Apollo 19, Newcastle City Hall 20, Hanley Victoria Hall 21, Birmingham Odeon 22, London Hammersmith Odeon 23.

UFO have now added a second night at Hammersmith Odeon on April 15.

AIRBRIDGE play the following gigs: Norwich Theatre Royal April 9, Norwich White's Club 23, Gt. Yarmouth Big Apple May 7.

IQ begin a new club tour on April 7 at London Ruskin Arms (in East Ham). They then play: Milton Keynes Peartree Bridge Centre 14, Luton Technical College 16, Hemel Hempstead Cellar Rock Club 21, Greenwich Mitre Tunnel 26, Southampton College May 6, Feltham Airman Club 12, Dunstable Wheatheaf 25.

THE LARRY MILLER BAND have now extended their current tour into April: Basingstoke Breakaway Club 9, Guildford The Royal 16, Reading Target Club 21, Bristol Granary 30.

SARACEN have now confirmed the following gigs: Retford Porterhouse Club April 16, Runcorn Cherry Tree 20, Stafford Riverside Centre 22, Leeds Florde Green Hotel 23, Reading Target May 12, Maidenhead Bell Rock Club 13.

DUMPY'S RUSTY NUTS begin their April tour at Guildford Wooden Bridge on 7. This is followed by Banbury Football Club 9, Thatcham Silks 10, Oxford Penny Farthing 15, Bristol Granary 16, Lee Green Old Tigers Head 21, Reading Target Club 28.

SOLSTICE play London Dingwalls on April 12, and Woolwich Tramshed 14.

TRILOGY have their first-ever headline appearance at London Marquee on May 15.

TRUX, heavy quartet from Cambridge, have now confirmed Honnington Suffolk Punch Club, April 14, and Huntingdon The Lord Protector 23.

TAMARISK are booked to appear at Feltham Airman's Club on April 28.

HOLLAND, based in Cleveland and apparently boasting a sound not unlike **Y&T**, play Middlesbrough Albert Hoel on April 19, and Richmond The Terrace 26.

SANTANA will be playing three nights at London's Royal Albert Hall on May 2/3/4. These are the only planned British dates this year, and tickets are now on sale, priced £9.50/£8.50/£7.50/£6.50/£4.50.

FRAMED, a five-piece featuring former Girlschool bassist **Enid Williams**, have a gig at London, Clarendon Hotel on April 9.

SUPERTRAMP will be playing London, Earl's Court on 29/30 June. These will be the last British gigs for **Roger Hodgson**, before he departs in pursuit of a solo career. Tickets are now available by mail from: The Supertramp Box Office, PO Box 141, London SW6 5AS. They are priced at £10.30/£9.30, and all applications should include an SAE, together with a cheque/postal order payable to Andrew Miller Concerts Ltd. Tickets are also available from various agents throughout the UK.

MANFRED MANN is reforming the original line-up of his sixties band for a special reunion gig at the Marquee. The line-up will consist of Paul Jones, Mike Vickers, Tom McGuinness and Mike Hugg will be augmented by vocalist **Mike D'abo** (who replaced Paul Jones) and bassists **Jack Bruce** and **Klaus Voorman** who were both briefly in the band. The reunion is all part of the Marquee Club's 25th anniversary celebrations which will also be featuring **Dr. John**, **Osibisa**, **Alexis Korner** and the **Climax Blues Band**. The show will be filmed and recorded and this all takes place on April 30th.

PINK FLOYD 'The Final Cut' (Harvest SHPF 1983).

BITTERNESS, gloom, a sense of fatality and carefully controlled inner rage are the moods and feelings which pervade Roger Waters' major new work for Pink Floyd. Such are the doleful lamentations of Jeremiah Waters in his threnody of bellyaching plangency, that well before the final cut I felt ridden with guilt and despair.

I now believe that along with Margaret Thatcher, I personally, am responsible for the decline in Britain's fortunes since the conclusion of World War II. As Roger sounds his 'Requiem for the post war dream' the burden of responsibility falls on me for mass unemployment, our shrinking world power and loss of prestige and such costly failures as the Brabazon, BRM racing car, Avro Tudor airliner, Zeta, British Leyland, Concorde, Spaghetti Junction, 'Raise The Titanic', Musicians Only, BR's tilting train and TV AM. Just as after the First World War there was cynicism when the promises of a 'land fit for heroes' foundered on the rocks of the Depression, so now the generation born in the wake of the last great conflict are feeling cheated and disillusioned.

In Roger's case such emotions are heightened by the loss of his father during the war, and the album is dedicated to 'Eric Fletcher Waters - 1913-1944.' What would Mr. Waters have made of his son's success in a pop group, or of his current mood of depression as evinced by the bulk of the songs and performances on this thought-provoking album? It may be an impertinence to suggest that he would have said: 'Cheer up son, it wasn't your fault.'

The album consists of a series of songs carefully sung sotto voce for the most part by Roger, accompanied by Floyd men Dave Gilmour and Nick Mason and a distinguished cast of sessionmen and the National Philharmonic Orchestra. Roger sings with such clarity there is hardly any need for the lyrics to be included, but you can read them all on the centre fold.

Like all the best poets who want to make careless citizens going about their daily tasks, feel uncomfortable, he employs accusatory tones and in the opening cut 'The Post War Dream' demands to know 'what have we done to England?' I think the answer to that is... nothing... or rather not enough. Neglect, mismanagement, bad planning, complacency, sheer carelessness have all contributed to the decline that I think Roger is talking about, and this can be attributed not to one individual but the state of mind of a people.

Roger indirectly exposes our greatest national faults in his attitude. He grumbles about the Japanese in one breath 'If it wasn't for the Nips being so good at building ships the yards would still be open on the Clyde' and then gets in a little disparaging dig... 'and it can't be much fun for them beneath the rising sun with all their kids committing suicide'. (ALL? How many then, lots or just a few?) Later he goes on to sing in the slightly more cheerful 'Not Now John' (a song meant to represent the carefree worker, drinking and toiling his way to oblivion), 'Got to compete with the wily Japanese'.

Roger shouldn't be so surprised at

the ascendancy of the East at the expense of our own industry. As a travelling musician he should have seen ten years ago that the rival island race of exporters had long since given up building Austin A40s and were ready to win the economic war. Instead he indulges in a minor form of rather worrying racism, and cries self-pityingly into his microphone. Aalright - so where were the Floyd generation when the enemy was stirring at the gate? Pooh poohing the 'consumer society' as I recall, supporting 'the right to strike' (remember that one?), railing against the mindless boredom of working in factories and calling for a return to the simple life of a diet of free range eggs and best Lebanese wrapped in brown paper. I suppose if WE had enjoyed the 'economic miracle' and all our factory chimneys were belching smoke, the requiem would have been for 'real human values' and the peace of the countryside.

But Roger spreads his angst around to other targets. There's the Falklands Conflict. Pity we won. If only we had lost, then we could have had a really good moan. I suppose all those women and kids would still be locked up in the schoolhouse, but at least it would be one in the eye for that woman. My God, I'm getting sucked into the same kind of winging that this album carries aloft like a banner.

Of course there is much in what Roger says as he digs at the folly of war and the apparent lunacy of our leaders. His suggestion they should all be locked up in the 'Fletcher Memorial Home' in readiness for the 'final solution' is quite amusing, and the waft and weave of his words is both crisp and telling. Musically the funeral tone is occasionally lightened by Raff Ravenscroft's sax solos, and some superb guitar work by Dave Gilmour on 'Not Now John'.

The whole piece is fashioned with Roger's usual craftsmanship in terms of pace, editing, the use of subtle effects (background road traffic, depressing radio bulletins), and he sings with a passion that does not match that of John Lennon, whose memory is briefly invoked in a bow to 'I Am The Walrus'.

Overall there is something intensely irritating about a grown man sulking. When he tells us the holocaust is on the way, he may well be right. But dwelling on gloomy thoughts is a self-defeating sickness, rather like the 'panic attacks' described by Colin Wilson in his book 'Mysteries'.

So I say to Roger, be of good cheer, cast aside your burden of guilt and look around for ways to improve the world. It will bring an inner contentment I'm sure. At least there are some signs of personal rapprochement in the final song 'Two Suns In The Sunset' as he ponders the random selection for death initiated by a traffic accident. 'As the windshield melts... finally I understand the feelings of the few. Ashes and diamonds, foe and friend, we were all equal in the end.'

CHRIS WELCH

SAXON 'Power And The Glory' (Carrere CAL 147)

'POWER And The Glory' may be Saxon's fifth album but it's the first to have the consistency to make me want to hear it all again and again rather than just the odd tracks as on past

albums. From start to finish it's top-notch stuff that will dispel any lingering notion that the band are still NWOBHM upstarts and coincidentally crosses the usual 'following-the-live-album-hurdle' with ease.

Saxon have come of age here in a number of ways. For a start, the usual 'HM anthems' are kept to the barest minimum - just 'This Town Rocks' opening side two. It didn't impress me live but here it sounds far better thanks to Jeff Glixman's razor-edge production... and Biff's introductory yell of 'Does this town know how to rock?'

That leaves seven numbers almost completely free of the crass lyrical themes that while always in the minority have, for me, been a major stumbling block to Saxon's credibility. For an indication of the kind of diversity here check out the title track as it tells of those sickening dogs of war: mercenaries... then lend an ear to 'Watching The Sky', a paean to ET and his fellow visitors and an attack on the alleged government cover-ups. Elsewhere, 'Redline', (one number that does tread the tried and tested path - of bikes), is about as far removed from their first attempt ('Motorcycle Man' on the debut) as Biff's Goldwing Interstate is from my push-bike.

Whilst still as heavy as ever, that kind of improvement can be heard in all areas. The work of guitarists Oliver and Quinn especially during solos is very strong. Each break is neat, concise and beautifully effective. Special commendations to whoever did the business in 'Warrior' and 'Midas Touch'.

Most important though is the maturation in song writing and construction. Last track side one 'Nightmare' and the final cut 'The Eagle Has Landed' are a pair of very special numbers. Destined to become stage favourites no doubt and with time, perhaps classics of their own right. The latter in particular is really awesome - a slower number that smoulders with malevolence before picking up pace at the end as the solo fades into oblivion.

They'll have as much trouble keeping ANY of these songs out of their set as they will keeping me away from the next tour...

NEIL JEFFRIES

BRYAN ADAMS 'Cuts Like A Knife' (A&M Records AMLH 64919)

BRYAN ADAMS is a name which should be familiar to those who take their US/Canuck Hard Rock seriously. Not only is it because his two previous albums cut like the proverbial knife via some instantly memorable metallic rock which falls neatly into a groove midway between the narrative-based swing of a Springsteen and the 'go for the throat' - but subtly 'stomp of a Foreigner.

No, Bryan and partner Jim Vallance are well-known for providing some classic tunes for other artists. Prism and Kiss are two names which spring to mind as having made use of Bryan's considerable rock writing talent, so it should come as no surprise that the foxy mop-top who occupies the venerable Kiss drumstool should co-write 'Don't Leave Me Lonely' on this latest Adams opus. Who's this popping up on backing vocals too? Lou Gramm eh? Sounds impressive - and indeed it is, but I can't help feeling

that Bryan has handed over his best material to other artists, leaving himself with ten good to very good songs for 'Cuts Like A Knife' when they could have been very good to excellent.

The power rock of 'The Only One' and 'Take Me Back' scores highest marks for its vitality and sparkle while the metal/pop which is 'Let Him Know' is pretty definitive of the genre. These songs aside, the remainder of Bryan's numbers are all perfectly acceptable but rather too faceless to impress. He has the talent without a doubt but it's not so easily spotted on 'Cuts Like A Knife'. I'd be tempted to recommend his last work, 'You Want It... You Got It' over this latest release. You'll see the real Bryan Adams more clearly therein.

HOWARD JOHNSON

NIGHTWING 'Stand Up & Be Counted' (Gull GULP 1038)

I'VE A LOT of time for Nightwing. Whilst many others over the past few years have been earning undeserved headlines, this outfit have plugged away studiously, producing ever-improving keyboards-orientated hard-rock. 'Something In The Air' and 'Black Summer' both displayed definite hints of quality. Now, with 'Stand Up...', the band have gelled into the best KOHR combo in the UK, bar Magnum.

Complete with new vocalist Max Bacon (a hitherto unknown), they've come up with a graceful, articulate, enjoyable collection of ten songs. In a way, this band could actively profit from the present revival in prog-rock interest. They're better musicians than most in this area, which means they've the ability to develop intricate, fluxing arrangements without sounding either over-elaborate or stifling. For instance, the title track, which is basically a straightforward pop/rock number, has been turned into something altogether more challenging through the use not only of a slower pace than expected, but also a slight vocal distortion and a series of stabbing keyboards embellishments from Kenny Newton.

'Next Saturday' continues the approach, with constant, sudden changes of rhythm patterns from reggae shuffles to branding metal riffs. It's here Alec Johnson's guitar comes into its own, piloting the whole affair through the rocky straits with considerable aplomb. 'Still In Love With You' is a surprising variation on the swinging blues, carried magnificently by the voice of young Bacon (a Dennis DeYoung soundalike, with a twang of Lou Gramm).

Of course, not everything here is twisted into new fields. 'Games To Play' is a quite breathtaking ballad (the sort the US singles charts are constantly filled with), featuring a tear-jerking duet between Newton's keyboards and Bacon's throat. 'Let Me Be Your Lover' has a sub-Joe Walsh edge, whilst 'Treading Water' could almost be Foreigner, and 'Dressed To Kill' is a rollicking metal/pop meisterwerk.

Yes, there are still too many occasions when the band sound derivative of more illustrious predecessors. But, let me put it this way, if Nightwing (under the astute guidance of bassist/producer Gordon Rowley) continue to improve at the current rate, then they WILL soon be

not just a fine substitute for Foreigner/
Styx/Saga, but rather their equals!
MALCOLM DOME

CLIMAX BLUES BAND 'Sample & Hold' (Virgin V2258)

THE THOUGHT of Climax in these 'ere
polydecibelic pages filled me with a
distinct 'Lords Of The New Church'-
style horror BEFORE I clapped ears on
this oeuvre. However, the quality of
musicianship contained herein soon
persuaded me otherwise. No, I'm not
suggesting Climax have changed tack
and headed out into sub-Motorhead
territory. Rather, they've come up with
what I can only describe as a serious
attempt to move into a Bob Seger
market. They've succeeded an' all!

Listen to the likes of the streamlined
'Heaven & Hell', with its swaggering,
catchy beat. Harken greedily unto the
melodic panache of 'Friend In High
Places'. Strum your fingers to the
aggressively basic rock 'n' roll of 'Sign
Of The Times'. Nod in silence at the
moodyly anguished 'Movie Queen'
(featuring some dextrous touches on
bass from guest artiste Robin George
— note the name, 'cos in the wake of
Aldo Nova/Trevor Rabin, this man will
be HUGE).

There's a massive AOR market in
the UK which has yet to be swept up
by Brit acts (aside that is from Dire
Straits). Well, I've a feeling Climax
Blues Band are gonna home straight
in on this particular target. And if the
likes of 'Listen To The Night' veer just
a shade too uncomfortably towards
les Straights and 'The End Of The
Seven Seas' has a Moody Blues feel,
then it's only an isolated aberration.
So don't blame me if in a year's time,
this lot are selling out Wembley Arena
and you can't get tickets, 'cos I'm
forewarning you here and now of the
shape of things to come.
MALCOLM DOME

THE ENID 'Something Wicked This Way Comes' (Enid Records Enid 3)

POMP ROCK without shallow
pretensions. The Enid have been
thwarted by their refusal to embrace
commercialism and this justified
antagonism has helped keep their
music fresh and untainted, but at the
cost of keeping them in rocks' second
division.

This album is only available by mail
order direct from the band as they are
now taking their distrust of the rock
business to its ultimate conclusion,
cutting out the retailer and the much
criticised distributors.

'Something Wicked' features the
first vocals ever to grace an Enid
album, a fact due to the premature
death of a close friend of frontman
Robert Godfrey who was to have been
their original vocalist. Only now has
Godfrey finally emerged from this
shadow.

The opening track 'Rainbow'
features some fine eerie and inventive
keyboard work with a smooth vocal
sound that draws allusions to early

Genesis and, somewhat surprisingly,
IO.C.C.I

The overall 'concept' is nuclear
holocaust yet again, but this time the
treatment is devoid of clichés and
offers a sensitivity that is refreshingly
emotive and powerful at the same
time. Doom laden chords prevail but
there are also tracks where lush
orchestral synth patterns are layered
against warm sustained lead guitar.

The Enid are unsullied by current
fashion and although the concept
appears to be a mite hackneyed they
shun self indulgence and appear to act
only out of genuine concern.

A rare breed indeed.

For a copy of the album or further
information write to: 'The Enid', Claret
Hall Farm, Near Clare, Sudbury,
Suffolk.
MARTIN KNIGHT

SOUND BARRIER 'Total Control' (MCA-5396. US IMPORT)

ALONG with Molly Hatchet's 'No Guts,
No Glory', this here is Album Of The
Year so far. I only hope MCA don't let
Sound Barrier fade away and become
another Point Blank. Ok, so you've
probably noticed that the S.B.'s are an
'-ER' band, but what you probably don't
realise is that these L.A. metal
merchants are BLACK. And what with
Gregg Parker recently revealing his
plans to put together a mega band, it
would appear that the N.W.O.B.H.M.
(New Wave of Black H.M.) is now in
full swing, and should be taken
seriously.

Up until the arrival of 'Total Control',
I'd always found black H.M. a bit of a
joke. In fact, I can only recall two
albums that might interest the
konnoisseur. Firstly, Mothers Finest's
'Iron Age' and secondly a real
collectors item by the near legendary,
Marcus. And both these bands had the
odd white in their line ups, unlike
Sound Barrier, who must be the first
all black H.M. band to have gotten a
record deal.

You won't find any dud tracks here,
no wimp outs or fillers! All ten cuts
really do hammer down, and have
been produced with loving care by
one Skip Drinkwater. Take the opener
for example — 'Total Control', straight
ahead, no frills H.M. and guitarist
Spacey T. pulls out the stops and plays
some real tasty riffs. And yes, he's
probably an Eddie Van Halen fan, right
down to the criss-cross tape on his
fender!

Bernie K, meanwhile does possess a
mighty fine larynx. Evidence of this
can be found on the title track,
definitely one for the metal charts.
And honourable mentions for bassist
Stanley E, and skins beater Dave
Brown, who take the show over during
the rush influenced instrumental —
'Mayday'.

And would you believe me if I told
you that Miller High Life Beer ('orrible
stuff) were promoting Sound Barrier's
'83 tour? And if this is true I would
highly recommend that Taylor Walker,
the brewery that brought you
Mainline, promote the S.B.'s UK tour.
XAVIER RUSSELL

MOLLY HATCHET 'No Guts... No Glory' (Epic EPC 25244)

MOLLY HATCHET have certainly got
guts. Not only have they had to suffer
the colossal blow of losing their
brilliantly named drummer Bruce
Crump, but they have had to bring in a
new bassist, Rif West, and welcome
back 'glass gargler' Danny Joe Brown
to the ranks following the departure of
the rather hefty Jimmy Farrar (the only
Southerner with a ten gallon hat and
one hundred gallon trousers!) It's also
a miracle that the Hatchets have
produced anything at all following the
millenium of rumours that the band
had split!

Judging from 'NG... NG' however,
I feel that the time was possibly right
for them to have called it a day. 'Y' see,
while the likes of Blackfoot and ZZ Top
continue to come up with
enervating adaptations of the
Boogie theme, Hatchet appear to be
stuck in a never-ending period of
Skynyrd imitations. There are more
guitar solos bleating down your lug
oles here than even on ten Heavy
Metal albums and it all becomes a
trifle tiresome. Songs are very much
at a premium in favour of riffs and
solos so everything's a shade
meaningless and yes... dull!

The album's best two songs,
'What's It Gonna Take?' and 'Kinda
Like Love' come from outside the
band's writing ranks and only two of
their compositions can compete,
namely 'Fall Of The Peacemakers' and
'Both Sides'. There's very little on
'NG... NG' to ignite excitement and
while Hatchet do indeed have guts,
glory will surely elude them.
HOWARD JOHNSON

HEAD EAST 'Onward And Upward' (Allegiance Records AV432 — US import)

IT HAS always surprised me why
Head East failed to pull in the pennies
in their native America. Their bag has
always been the kind of hard pop
ditties which appeal so much to those
who indulge in 'The American Way Of
Life'. Granted, they never had the
songwriting ability of an REO, nor the
overblown presentation of a Kansas or
a Styx, but it would have been safe to
assume that they would find a certain
niche for themselves in the US stadia
rock hierarchy. As it is, Head East find
themselves without a major label
(Epic and A&M are far behind them
now) and signed to the unknown
indie, Allegiance Records. Not a
particularly safe place to be, but
'Onward And Upward' is a very safe
album.

Obviously the band feel that they
can fight their backward slide by
moving into the formula of today's
AOR Rock bands rather than turning
their hand to a new form of Rock
music. Fair enough, if they can
accomplish it with style. As I see it
however, there are fifty bands which
can produce better variations on the
theme than present day Head East.
None of the numbers here are
particularly detestable — 'I'm Comin'
Home' and 'I Make Believe I Believe
Her' are fairly pretty little tunes, but
songs demand character and Head
East don't have anywhere near
enough. Some albums require a few

spins before their worth becomes
apparent. Some albums pale faster
than an albino going in for
bloodletting. 'Onward And Upward'
belongs to the latter bracket and
unless they write more distinctly,
that's where Head East will stay. Head
East have definitely gone west!!
HOWARD JOHNSON.

QUIET RIOT 'Metal Health' (CBS/Pasha)

FOLLOWING his proposed spell of
digit twiddling chez Osbourne, bassist
par excellence Rudy Sarzo has
returned home to the LA smog to link
up with his original outfit Quiet Riot.
Now while this is to be viewed only as
a backward step financially, in my
'eavy, 'umble opinion RS is fulfilling
himself to a far greater extent
musically once more. Quiet Riot is a
band destined for big things at last
after a far too underground existence
over the last few years.

Rudy and Kevin Dubrow are the two
original Rioters who have joined
forces with renowned kick-ass
skinbeater Frankie Banalli (credits
with Hughes/Thrall and Billy Thorpe)
and former Snow axe-bandit Carlos
Cavaso to make the Quiet Riot that
little bit louder. With a new deal and a
UK release of 'Metal Health', twin
barrels are definitely burning!

'Bang Your Head'. Kevin Dubrow is
not a man to be trifled with when he
belts out such a command on the title
track. His voice is fearsome — the
melodic rock 'n' raunch growl that
America has only previously
experienced through the tassle-
twirling Steven Tyler. Dubrow's voice
owes it all to Noddy Holder and QR
ain't afraid to show so via a hurricane
cover of 'Come On Feel The Noise' —
Cavaso's cavorting lead break making
the original version sound limp and
flaccid in comparison!

There's more five-star rock ground
into the grooves of 'Metal Health' than
just these two. Dubrow's primeval
howl which heralds side two's opener
'Breathless' sets the tone for a frantic
rocker built on an all-powerful riff
which cedes impeccably into some
tasteful acoustic sounding overlays
during the chorus. Then there's the
tasteful restraint of 'Don't Wanna Let
You Go', where Rudy pulses and
drives the band with considerable
aplomb, and the hyper-active 'Run Fo
Cover' where young Carlos goes well
and truly OTT — much to my delight.

'Slick Black Cadillac', already
featured on 'Quiet Riot II' with Randy
Rhoads at the helm, is resurrected for
the sake of an impressive boogie
romp, while 'Let's Get Crazy' is indeed
a self-explanatory title!

That leaves us with two numbers —
the two numbers about which I have
my doubts! 'Love's A Bitch' and
'Thunderbird' direct their attack
towards Heavy Metal ballad/epic
territory while Quiet Riot's forte is in
playing four minute instant trash
Metal. Clever — clever is not them at all
and the album suffers for those
aspirations.

A record well worth investing in but
next time let's hope that QR follow
their own advice from 'Let's Get
Crazy'. They put forward the
suggestion: 'Let's get down to
business!' I couldn't have put it better
myself!
HOWARD JOHNSON

advertisement



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I CAN see the headlines now. **'Rock Star Dreams Of Success!'**

And I can read the opening paragraph too. It goes something like this . . .

'Former Genesis guitarist Steve Hackett today revealed that he wrote most of his new album 'Highly Strung' while actually in bed and asleep. Hackett, 33, admitted using a revolutionary new dream technique for both the music and the words to at least five different songs, but denied reports that he is to turn his bedroom into a recording studio and do gigs in a four-poster.'

Well may you laugh. But Steve Hackett wasn't. Behind his shades he looked me straight in the eye and with all due seriousness declared that a major part of his new Charisma album had actually come to him in dreams. And that he'd woken up in the night screaming for his pocket cassette recorder to nail down the notions before they disappeared for ever.

"I've dreamed some marvellous melodies over the years – but they always used to go out of my mind by the time I woke up in the morning. I once dreamed I heard Gerry Rafferty do a whole song – which was pretty strange. But this is the first album I've done where I've actually remembered a dream and used it.

"One track, the third one, called 'Always Something Else' I already had written but I wasn't going to use it until I dreamed I heard it playing on a car stereo and it sounded fantastic. But there are other things like 'Camino Royale' (which is an attempt to remember a tune I heard in a dream all about New Orleans) and 'Walking Through Walls' which is based on a dream I had after reading a book by Carlos Casteneda. Both of those songs were conceived entirely out of dream experience."

And a couple of bottles of Benylin downed before bedtime, I bet? Steve Hackett laughed.

"Not at all. The thing is – once you start spending the best part of a year thinking about, writing and then recording a new album it gets into your blood and you end up eating, sleeping and breathing the thing. It doesn't surprise me that I dream about it too."

Marillion, Pallas and their pals have helped bring rock round in one big circle and those detractors who might once have called Steve Hackett's music a dead end street in the past are now seeing it afresh as a four lane highway to the future. So does Hackett regard himself as part or parent of the new mood? Or is it all just a little too close to home for comfort?

"I must admit I cringe at the thought of a new Art Rock Movement. It's so odd to see that

sort of music become the Flavour Of The Month again. I met Marillion at the Marquee the other week and they hustled me off to the studio to listen to the rough mixes of their album. It wasn't at all bad. According to the press, they're spearheading this new thing and I take some of what they do as a compliment. But there's a definite sense of Deja Vu about it all and sometimes I'm not so sure how honest are their motives for playing like they do. And we have all been there before, haven't we? It's not as if they're doing anything particularly new or different. How far can this Progressive thing go? Will guys be wearing bat wings on stage next, do you reckon? It seems to me that some of the same people who dismissed bands like Genesis and King Crimson and Yes as being just so much crap during the Punk era are now guilty of falling back on the same musical props we used. In our day it was mellotrons and echoey guitars – the new breed have only updated the equipment, but the sounds are much the same. But, in the final analysis it's not those props which are important. It's the script. We're talking about the theatrical rock so we might as well use theatrical terms. It's all down to what you do and what you say with your props. The form doesn't matter if the content is good. It's like so much music these days. Are the songs actually worthwhile – or are you paying purely for the technique and the technology?"

Indeed. Given half the chance and Steve Hackett's conversation, like his guitar playing, is off on new and almost intellectual tacks. If our hour together in his fourth floor West End offices are anything to go by then Hackett takes a more than averagely philosophical view of Life and the Music Industry. Which, if nothing else, makes him more stimulating company than some of your more monosyllabic Metallurgists.

But the brief was to pin him down on the subject of his latest, and sixth, solo album 'Highly Strung' which should be in your shops by the end of March. Previously furnished with a cassette of the LP I can tell you that it really isn't at all bad. Only that it, somewhat schizophrenically, falls into two distinct halves: an instrumental half and a vocal half.

The instrumentals really aren't up my street at all. The themes are all strong and meaty – but tracks like 'Group Therapy', 'Hackett To Pieces' and 'Always Something Else' suffer from too much jazz. Hardly a solid backbeat in sight, too many eccentric time signatures and esoteric chords to be reckoned as rock. But fans of the Billy Cobhams, Stanley Clarke and Al Di Meola of this world will doubtless be much impressed.

The rest of the album is altogether more accessible – a hefty helping of, admittedly, Genesis-orientated melody colouring tracks like 'Camino

Steve's Dreams (are made of this)

Royale', 'Cell 151', 'Give It Away', 'Weightless' and 'India Rubber Man'. Admittedly these last two, slow ballads the pair of them, are soft and sumptuous with echoes

of more mainstream writers like Phil Collins or even Paul McCartney.

But 'Give It All Away' punches through with almost headbanging intensity – thanks



to a couple of earthquaking guitar riffs, some soaring lead and some greatsinging from Hackett himself. It sounds to me like the sort of song could enter Steve Hackett in the sophisticated steel stakes alongside such as Journey and Foreigner and the like if it were released as a single.

"You tell my record company that. They're not at all keen on the idea of that being the single. So it isn't. Mind, you, I must admit that I didn't think much of the song at all myself when I first wrote it. It was one of the last things I did for the album and I thought it was pretty facile really. It always sounded like it should be recorded in that classic American airplay mould where, I must admit, I always prefer to stretch things out and let the music wander a little more. I almost didn't record it because I didn't want to play that industry game."

So instead Charisma and Hackett both chose to concentrate on the throbbing and pulsating 'Cell 151' to launch the album. Not that the song ranks anything but Numero Uno in the guitarist's mind. In fact he feels it has come out better than the whole of the rest of the album put together.

"I spent an awful long time on what has turned out to be the 12" version and it sound pretty definitive to me. I recorded it once for the album and then I got pressurised into extending it. But it was very hard not to finish up with just another long guitar blow which might sound very clever to another guitarist but bore the pants off everybody else. So I kept recording things and then scrapping them until I developed something pretty different to go in the middle.

"I'm looking forward to performing it on stage as well. Which is another reason why perhaps it's a good idea not to have 'Give It All Away' as the single because that's in a key which doesn't really suit my voice and it would need some pretty complex harmonies which we'd have to carry on tape. I don't like that.

"I think there's something slightly dishonest about using tape recorders on stage. I think the audience feel cheated – and my audience doesn't deserve that. Since I left Genesis it's been such a fight to gain a following and then keep them – it would be madness to turn round and start being dishonest to the fans.

"I know that may sound a little old-fashioned but quite frankly I consider myself lucky these days to be up there and still doing it. When I was in Genesis I never really thought we'd make it and I'm not sure I believed it when we did. Nowadays, with the economic situation the way it is, I consider it a major achievement to get an album out and be able to go on tour without going bankrupt!"

That is Steve Hackett's dream of success.

**CHAS
DE WHALLEY**

GLAM ROCKS

reviewed by **PETE MAKOWSKI**

TWISTED SISTER: 'I Am (I'm Me)' (Atlantic).

After the initial hyperooney everyone seemed to abandon this bunch of ghouls as a one off affair. In fact after the initial burst of British interest the band decided to consolidate the business side by leaving the amateur ranks of labeldom (Secret Records) cultivate their songwriting (which seemed a bit dodgy after all those years of playing cover toons) and entering the ranks of professionalism. There's no mistaking these guys are VERY smart and it was plain to see their recent London onslaught on the Marquee that they plan to be around for a while yet.

With a long term deal with Atlantic and a forthcoming British tour it looks like these Long Island exiles are set to make it in the first division of the BHM league. With the raw, basic but powerful production of Stuart Epps the band have finally been able to transfer that OTT energy onto plastic. Side One is an obligatory stap at the commercial market and with a good video they could crack it.

Sounding like the acceptable face of glitter, it's side two of the twelve inch where these grotesque gargoyles of randy rock deliver straight from the hip with a non stop blitzkrieg of noise and expletives deleted straight from the Marquee desk with such gems as 'Sin After Sin', 'Destroyer' and the totally gonzo rendition of 'It's Only Rock 'N' Roll' featuring Rev. Snyder's infamous rap.

At last we have a band that will offend the elders, I mean can you imagine any self respecting parent allowing their pre pube daughter to have a poster of Mark 'the Animal' Mendoza on the wall? Beware, when your kids come home and start calling you a SMF, you know that they've been twisted.

This is everything HM promised to be!!!!

P.S. It's not worth buying the seven inch as the foot version features easily half an album's worth of material and is definitely VFM.

STYX: 'Mr Roboto' (A&M).

A deviation on a famous ad: This is a song about robots, written and played by robots for the benefit of robots!

BRYAN ADAMS: 'Straight From The Heart' (A&M).

From the school of Tom Cougarsteen a straight ahead ditty by the man who has been helping Kiss out in their writing chores on recent albums. Only worth checking out if you're into Blue Collar rock.

MARK KNOPFLER: 'Going Home' (Vertigo).

It's been ages since we've had a decent hit instrumental and this easily deserves to make it as it positively gleams amongst dirge like 'Brideshead Of Fire' etc. Knopfler is a much maligned personage who is easily the most emotive, sensual modern day blooze players since Pete Green during his 'Albatross' era. This



TWISTED SISTER's Dee Snider: so that's what happened to Shergar . . .

has all the atmosphere of a classic theme tune.

GOLDSMITH: 'Life Is Killing Me' (Bedlam Records).

DRIVESHAFT: 'HeartBreaker' (Undercover Records).

KNOCK UP: 'Telling Lies' (Movie Music).

Not wishing to be a cynical hack putting the dagger into new, up and coming talent ... but all the bands above sound like tired old pub outfits and look like shabby old men.

Worn out, whittled down b oogie-uninventive, uninspired. The sort of record that would do well if sold at the show, but as a contender in the real world – forget it!

FASTWAY: 'Easy Livin' (CBS).

Nobody really knew quite what to expect when 'Fast' Eddie Clarke and Pete Way left their respective outfits to team up. Such an OTT collaboration conjured up visions of out and out, 'out-of-itness' rather than any prolific/creative musical results. Before we could find out the duo went their separate ways amidst a cloud of litigations, contractual hassles and gallons of Smirnoff. Recently The Way has reappeared with his new band Waysted demonstrating that his talents went further than impersonating the legendary neckless drummer Andy Parker and now Clarke has followed suit (tout de suite) with this stunning debut from a band who judging by this gem could well stake a claim in the world domination game. Featuring veteran deaf'n'dummer ex Humble Pie-man Jerry Shirley and dazzling new pup, vocalist Dave King. Yeah, yeah, when you hear it you'll probably exclaim "Led Zeppelin 'Rock'n'Roll'", but the fact remains that this is bloody excellent record and deserves plenty of airplay. Eddie Clarke kicks off the proceedings with some shining slidework (revealing what a multi faceted fretologist he is) and then its maximum G-force all the way. In the words of the Fast man himself: "It's ferocious, man! Ferocious!"

ALICE COOPER: 'I Am The Future' (Warner Brothers).

From the reportedly appalling 'Class Of '84' film which by all accounts is 'Happy Days' meets 'The Warriors', we have an equally limp soundtrack from the one time master of menace –

re-mixed especially for the occasion. As much as I would really like to like this (being a total fan of the man) it's nothing more than a cliched cop out, aiming for the charts and MOR fans. This was not made for Alice Cooper fans.

WRATHCHILD: 'Stackheel Strut' EP (Bullet Records).

Gimme a break! This whole Glam Bang scene is one almighty very unfunny joke and should be buried once and for all. The music sucks a big one, the presentation has as much finesse as a paint by numbers kit for demented criminals and they don't even look that glamorous, which must totally defeat the object. Let bands like Hanoi Rocks wave the flag – at least they have a bit of sass about them! The whole idea of Wrathchild reeks of infantile stupidity and shouldn't be allowed to go further than the privacy of their bedrooms. Nobody should be allowed to inflict something like this on the public.

MISSING PERSONS: 'Words' (Capitol).

Great image (wot, wiv a Playboy centre spread as lead singer – one wonders how much throb value this has on Pauline Suters Pantometer!) Excellent musicians (regurgitated remains from the school of Zappa) Interesting songs, but somehow the whole thing together leaves me with an empty feeling in the pit of the stomach (this could be the after effects of listenign to Wrathchild)

DR FEELGOOD: 'Crazy About Girls' (Chiswick).

Produced by the now unfortunately unwell Vic Maile, this reveals the man's forte – heavy duty straight ahead R&B. I know the music like the band is getting a middle aged spread and receding feel about it, but the Feelgoods can still belt it out producing a sound which is as 'wild'n'raw as 'wot' their younger proteges produce. Still a good band to pull pints to.

TRIUMPH: 'A World Of Fantasy' (RCA).

Another helping of totally dishonest rock from one of the most depressing, uninspiring totally fake outfits I've had the displeasure to see. As cheap and tack as the light bulbs they use on stage. With a decrepit, ancient frontman in the form of Mike Levine and a supposedly wig-wearing drummer all one can say is I hope the guitarist quits soon and gets his own thing together as Rik Emmett (for it is he) is the only personage showing any vague signs of talent. Flush this down the dumper!

THE CHURCH: 'Sing-Song EP' (Carrere Records).

From an Oz band who set themselves high standards this does nothing to discredit their credibility. Tom Petty fans, check this out.

ROSE TATTOO: 'It's Gonna Work Itself Out' (Carrere).

Having had to put up with an X-S of antipodeans who've been liberally dosing at my abode I've become quite an authority on Oz Rock and as far as I can tell the Tatts don't mean a light back home, which probably accounts for their Americanised

continues over

stance. This sounds like a brash version of the Faces in their heyday – good, solid, boozy, back door r and r. With enough care and attention this deserves every right to chart on both sides of the Atlantic and knocks the likes of Men At Work into a cocked hat.

SAXON: 'Power And The Glory' (Carrere).

From NWOBHM to BOF, in one foul swoop. This group have now become guilty of performing all known music biz clichés in the book. Yup, the proverbial boys from the sticks who came under the spell of heavy management have now told their mentors where to go. Biff and the boys don't need these people anymore, they want to be in control of their own destinies!

YAWN. The song remains the same. This is the title track from a new album from a band who have demonstrated the art of overkill. Either they're dumb and sincere or very very cynical. Everything about them has and it seems always shall be tacky.

STEVE HACKETT: 'Cell 151' (Charisma).

An intricate, pretty melody that weaves and bobs around in a pleasing welter-weight fashion. Yet it lacks both the strength and focus of what I'd term a 'quality' single. It comes across with all the 'pizzazz' of a wound-down alarm clock, and is in reality a good LP track taken uncomfortably out of context. Still, you can always revel in the eccentric cheek of the B-side title, 'Time Lapse in Milton Keynes'!

CONEY HATCH: 'Hey Operator' (Mercury).

At last, a tantalising taster from the debut LP time (and Mercury) seemed to have forgotten. And it certainly chucks melodic gravy all over the table-cloth. In the wake of Bonnie Tyler and Toto, it would be nice to think that 'Hey Operator' will plug itself into the national grid, and groove right on up the charts. But... I've a feeling this ain't gonna be the case. For, mixed in with the gloriously smooth 'n' catchy hook-line are some li-smackin' powerchords that'll provide a feast for all *Kerrang* kordon-bleus, but doubtless leave the masses feeling alienated. So, it must be said in conclusion – a banquet-on-wheels from the HM viewpoint, that will almost certainly lead to a culinary death commercially.

JOHN SYKES: 'Please Don't Leave Me' (MCA).

MCA's 'contribution' to the growing 'Farewell Lizzy' paraphernalia. When it was originally released several months back, this was a pleasant, if inconsequential, rock ditty. The passage of time hasn't altered that status.

MITHRANDER: 'Dreamers Of Fortune' (New Leaf).

Someone (I forget just who) once said in a film whose title temporarily eludes me: "The only people who face reality are just too stupid to duck when they see it coming." I hope the gents of Mithranders are good at ducking, 'cos here comes a slice of painful realism. This is a blundering, sub-Marillion/Horslips semi-folksian dirge, topped off by the sort of vocals that make even Pete Makowski's office catawaulings seem tuneful. About as welcome as a Joshua Nkomo solo single in Salisbury government circles.

NICKY LEWIN BAND: 'Heart In Hand' (Chrome Idol).

Genius, so it is said, is 99% perspiration and one per cent inspiration. In which case Nicky Lewin & Co are 99% there. They certainly work up an honest sweat on this Bad Co/Bob Seger style mainstream rocker. But, it falls just that little bit short of coming off in a spectacular Chevy-class manner. Whether that's due to a lack of talent or experience, only time will tell.

ROCK USA

LAURA CANYON reports from Los Angeles

■ A new rock TV programme has started up in Hollywood that'll give a real kick up the behind to the soporific MTV. It's called *Rock 'n' Roll Tonight*, and instead of the usual silly miming, this one features real live performances specially staged in the old Perkins Palace before a freebie audience of T-shirt-wearing, beer-swilling music fans.

And the series kicked off with a classic last week: a Tribute to Les Paul, the original guitar hero, with appearances by **Jeff Beck** and **Billy Squier** and featuring a jam with the three of them that would bring tears to an axe fan's eyes. First **Les Paul** was on, a little old man in a yellow cardigan, teasing out a great solo complete with all the guitar hero poses. Then Beck joined in, the two trading licks and getting playful – Jeff pretending to untune Les's guitar, Les giving Jeff a kick or two – with an admiring Billy Squier getting in on the jam. Nice stuff.

Next night they had **Ted Nugent** on the show, with ex **Turtles** **Flo and Eddie** crooning away on backing vocals. Ted was in town primarily to try out for the celebrity race in the upcoming Grand Prix.

■ What do hard rockers like to do on an evening off? Go and listen to some lounge music, by the look of it. **Culture Club's** Hollywood gig (or maybe it was the promise of a party!) attracted **Jeff Beck**, **Lita Ford**, **Ted Nugent**, **Rod Stewart**, and **Stiv Bators**.

■ "She has the world at her feet but she can't have what she wants most!" So read the headline in a "Star" story on **Eddie Van Halen's** old lady, **Valerie Bertinelli**. What can she want more than our Ed, we wonder? **David Lee Roth**? Nope, she wants a baby, so the article says, and can't have it till Eddie gets rock and roll "out of his system". Said a "friend" of the couple, "The life of a rock and roll star means constant touring, erratic hours and lots of night life. So she's determined to wait until, as she puts it, 'he gets it out of his system'." Which doesn't look like happening for a good while. They're working on a new album, and already planning a world tour. Dave's even got out and bought his new stage costume, a pair of bum-less black leather pants.

■ Friendly business, this. According to **Eddie Van Halen**, "**Ritchie Blackmore** f***ing hates my ass and I don't even know why. I've met him backstage at shows and he wouldn't even talk to me. **Joe Perry** isn't one of my biggest fans either." Two guitarists not on his shit list are **Neil Schon** of **Journey**, and **Allan Holdsworth**, who's next album Ed'll be producing.

■ What's this? A **Hard Day's Nit**? **Paul McCartney's** making a movie, and the only reason we're telling you about it is because he'll appear on film with an all-star backing band including walkovers **Steve Lukather** and **Jeff Porcaro** of **Toto**. They're off to Britain to work with him in a couple of weeks, in between working on an already-started **Toto** album which they reckon should be their most rock and roll effort yet.

■ **Roger Hodgson** will be leaving **Supertramp** when their American tour

is over. The band has already gone into mourning and shaved off the beards and moustaches they've had for the past two years. But they're blaming it on a 50s-style video they're doing for "My Kind of Lady", where they're dressed up like **Buddy Holly** and the **Crickets** for some reason better known to themselves.

■ Collaboration time again: **Neil Schon** of **Journey** and **Sammy Hagar** are putting together a power trio (I know; can't count) and will record an album as soon as their present tours are over. And **Carlos Santana** is producing the new album by Texas blues band the **Fabulous Thunderbirds**.

■ In case that mud-wrestling match between **Rachel Sweet** and **Pat Benatar** doesn't happen, we at *Kerrang!* are bringing you a substitute, a real local battle of the bands, **Great White** versus **Malice**. Your ringside commentator is a friend of GW's so we won't guarantee impartiality.

Seems there was a party at **Dokken's** house – some flimsy pretext for a booze-up, **Herman Rarebell's** return to Germany, having been here using **Dokken's** talent for new vocals on the re-recording of "Nip" for U.S. release – and among the local HM liggers (**Blackie** and **Chris of W.A.S.P.** to name but two) was a somewhat tanked lead singer of **Malice**, who was assuring GW vocalist **Jack Russell** that his voice sucked, his album sucked even more and that **Dokken** couldn't play to save his life. **Jack** invited the guy to step outside, fists were thrown, and GW reckon they won by a knockout.

■ Okay, the results are in. Up in San Francisco at the **Bammy** awards, the good guys did win a couple of awards this year. **Grateful Dead** and **Jefferson Starship** were pretty much nudged out for a change; **Dave Meniketti** of **Y&T** got the best guitarist award, **Steel Breeze** won best debut album, **Larry Lynch** of the **Gregg Kihn Band** got best drummer, **Jonathan Cain** won best keyboardist, and **Eddie Money** won practically all the rest.

■ From our Porn to be Wild department: while **Kiss** were doing their show in Palm Beach, Florida, thieves broke into their hotel room and nicked cash and jewellery worth over four thousand quid, and worst of all, made off with **Gene Simmons'** prized photo collection. And we ain't talking pictures of Auntie Winny on the beach. Still, as their security manager said, "We're just going to have to find the girls and see if they can pose again." *Hmm*, **Gene** told *Kerrang!* he's "heartbroken" at the theft of the long-accumulated fan pix. Police, meanwhile, are looking for a Floridan male foaming at the mouth...

■ From horny to hornets. Yes, **Wasp** were back again at the tiny Troubadour club with their flashbins, flaming logo, box of raw meat and a mace-ing new act: lead animal **Blackie**, the construction-worker-sized frontman with the bare-bummed bondage pants, pulls a black curtain off a monolith in the corner of the doormat-sized stage to reveal a strapping – should that be strapped? – young lady in a G-string chained to a scaffold. While the band cranks out

'Tormentor', **Blackie** bonks the lady with a rubber mace, fake blood pours down her chest, and our hero gets in a lick or two.

In the ridiculously packed crowd, a bunch of local HM and punk celebs were waiting to get their Sunday joint (**Blackie** tosses raw meat at the audience to stop it falling asleep) including **Chris D** of the **Flesh Eaters**, **Kid Congo** of the **Cramps** and **Betsy of Bitch**. **Buxom Bets** stuck around to enter – and walk away with – the evening's bondage contest. *Bitch*, by the way, are just about ready to start into the studio to – er – whip out their debut album.

■ As **Ozzy Osbourne** said, most HM stars have a tough enough time of it writing their songs forward and still get a meaning in them. Nevertheless the State of Arkansas (a quick moment of silence for **Black Oak**, please) have just passed a law requiring warning labels on all HM records with backwards masking – tunes that when played backwards supposedly murmur dark and devilish subliminal messages "praising", as the Arkansas officials said, "Satan and marijuana". Some Californian politician with nothing better to do has been trying to get a similar statute on the books ever since he supposedly discovered Satanic messages in **Styx** and **Led Zeppelin** albums.

■ Talking of which, that expensive billboard we told you about condemning the Heavy Metal poisoning of America? All of a sudden there's a big message spray-painted on the bottom: "Kilroy was Here". That's right, the whole thing was a big Hollywood hype by those devils, **Styx**. Pissed off with being accused of subliminally corrupting Americans, the band came up with a concept album to do with free speech in the arts, and the billboard's spreading the message. It obviously didn't do them any harm in the ticket sales of their four upcoming Hollywood dates. Thousands of fans queued overnight outside the theatre in one of the scuzziest parts of town, keeping the hookers and muggers company, to make sure they got in.

■ To save those asinine presenters forgetting anyone's names, they solved the problems at this year's Grammys by giving practically every award to **Toto**. The group, nominated in seven categories, won five of them. Quite something to see the victors balancing on the tiny little platform-built-for-one backstage, getting their pictures taken in tuxedos!

"This Grammy thing is nice", said keyboardist **David Paich**, who reckoned their next project – his and **Steve Porcaro's** anyway – will be writing songs for and producing the next **Jacksons** album. The rest of the results were pretty predictable. Except in the Inspirational department. Amongst the usual collection of choirs and gospel singers were new nominees, **Kansas!** It's the subliminal messages that do it...!

■ The usually dire American telly has come up with a gem for axe aficionados. A special programme called "A Tribute to **Les Paul**", being shot this week, will star the guitar man himself, along with **Jeff Beck**, **Billy**



■ That's the trouble with playing heavy rock every night; your ears get bunged up. At the end of a fine show down the Long Beach Arena when the fans were screaming for more, Billy Squier thought they were asking for MOR. So obliging Bill brought Olivia Newton-John and Sheena Easton onstage for the encore. Pause for a quick chorus of 'Hit Me With Your Best Scot' and 'Dya Wallaby In My Gang'.

So what the hell's going on? Are they going to form a powder trio or something? Your intrepid Kerrang correspondent tracked Squier down at a post-show party on board the Queen Mary to get the Real Story. Seems Billy's old lady designs clothes for Livvy and the two of them cooked up the idea of doing a Stevie Nicks, and Sheena got in the picture because her old man has some top job at Bill's record company, who were presenting him with a couple of platinum albums.

Anyway, we spotted another couple hovering over the hors d'oeuvres: Tommy of Motley Crue, and ex Runaway Lita Ford. She's putting the finishing touches on her Polygram debut album, and he's about to tour with the boys as Kiss's opening act.

Squier and ZZ Top's Billy Gibbons, who'll be doing a free concert at Perkins Palace in Pasadena.

■ They always said 3-D was contagious! Aerosmith have just done a 3-D video. And now Sammy Hagar's just done a special 3-D photo session to promote 'Three Lock Box'. The photos should be interesting: they were done at Sammy's home just as it was about to be almost blown away by the near-tornado winds up in San Francisco the other week.

■ Newlywed Miami Steve Van Zandt of the E. Street Band (yes, the Boss was best man) his wife and ten-piece band (including ex Plasmatic bassist Jean Beauvoir) turned up in Hollywood this week. Steve's been working on Bruce Springsteen's now almost finished new album, and doing gigs of his own with his band Little Steve and the Disciples of Soul.

Talking of the Plasmatics, Wendy won't be jumping off Capitol Towers in Hollywood; they've already dropped her! After one album - a very expensive album according to insiders; we hear rumours of over \$250,000 spent on it, and around 20,000 copies sold - the band's been told they're no longer wanted on the label.

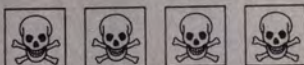
■ In the studio and working like crazy are Aldo Nova, doing the follow-up to his almost platinum debut; Quarterflash, who are in L.A. doing exactly the same thing; and Asia are booked into a Canadian studio with Mike Stone of Journey fame, working on their next release. The first two are due Spring, the third early summer.

■ More people after your money. Main Man Records is doing its best to cash in on John Cougar's new massive American popularity by

releasing an unfinished album called 'The Kid Inside' which Cougar describes as "prehistoric" when he's being kind. It's an 8-year-old record dating back to when Johnny had a Bowie fixation, and is not fit for Human consumption.

■ You can always rely on the Lords of the New Church to come up with something for the Kerrang medical log. This time, someone put them on the same bill as a dumb, hardcore punk band in California who were mighty displeased when the group couldn't play Oi. Someone fired a missile at Stiv Bators, smashing him in the ribs. The singer was hauled off, vomiting blood, to the hospital in nearby - I'm not making this up! - Normal Heights, San Diego. Stiv's doing the next batch of shows in a big body bandage, before finishing the tour in two weeks and heading back to England and the NHS.

■ Fed up with denim and leather? That AC/DC T-shirt just seem worn and boring? Then watch out for the new line of Rolling Stones designer jeans and waistcoats, due in the American stores this summer. If it keeps him away from designer lipstick, it's fine with us.



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M.S.G.	1	5	—	5	—	1	1	1
PINK FLOYD	5	5	2	3	—	1	1	1
QUEEN	14	4	3	7	—	1	1	1
RAINBOW	6	8	2	8	1	1	2	2
ROLLING STONES	5	4	3	3	—	1	—	1
RUSH	7	8	2	8	1	1	1	3
SAXON	3	8	2	6	1	2	1	2
SCORPIONS	4	6	1	6	1	—	1	2
STATUS QUO	10	6	3	9	1	1	1	2
TWIN LIZZY	12	5	2	5	—	1	1	1
U.F.O.	4	6	1	3	—	2	2	2
WHITESNAKE	6	8	2	7	2	1	1	2
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DIO: WHY I QUIT BLOODY SABBATH!

"There were too many knives being shoved in people's backs" ... RONNIE JAMES DIO talks for the first time since The Split to STEVE GETT

WHEN KERRANG! scribe Pete Makowski interviewed Black Sabbath's two remaining members, Geezer Butler and Tony Iommi, earlier this year, he discovered that they were more than happy to have parted company with their former vocalist Ronnie James Dio.

"We felt we were being taken over by Ronnie," declared Butler, whilst Iommi opined: "In the States he was getting like a little Hitler. He's got a great voice, but personality conflicts took over really."

Tony and Geezer also claimed that, during the mixing of the 'Live Evil' album in Los Angeles, Dio had tampered with the tapes and endeavoured to bring up the sound level of his vocals. Finally, they could stand it no longer and gave him his marching orders ...

Mind you, there are always two sides to every story and it was intriguing to hear what Ronnie had to say about the split. Initially, he was loathe to comment and told me: "At this juncture, I'd rather not say anything." Dio was evidently waiting to see what Iommi and Butler would tell the music press.

And so recently I telephoned him at his LA home, figuring that he must have seen the papers by now – he obviously had!

"Well, I guess enough has been said by them," began Ronnie, "so it must be my turn now. The first thing I'd like to do is refute a couple of lies they came up with. That thing about me sneaking into the studios like a little weasel, after they'd been waiting around, and tampering with the tapes is absolutely untrue."

"In fact I was usually the first to arrive at the studios, with the engineer, and we would wait and wait and wait. But as we waited, they never showed. If they did, then there was this real 'coldness' about the place."

So why would Iommi and Butler say such things if they weren't true?

"Because it was time for them to protect themselves – it was always their name and their band. Their version of the story just shows what frightened little rabbits they are, as far as I'm concerned."

"Other than that, it just got to be no fun at all. There were too many little innuendos – too many knives being shoved in people's backs."

Why?

"I don't know why ... I guess that basically they're extremely paranoid. Everyone felt that Tony was some sort of God figure and Geezer tagged along behind. Tony wants to be the 'controller', but it takes more talent than just being a good guitarist to do that. It requires command and respect, and Tony couldn't get that. In the beginning it was great: the band had a lot to offer and it was fun, but it all fell apart in the end."

What about the allegations that Dio was taking over?

"Well, in actual fact, that's probably very true," Ronnie admits. "But it wasn't something that was pre-planned by me. If you've got weaker characters in a band then it's only natural that the strong take over. It's not my fault that I'm strong and they're weak. I'll readily confess to having a strong character."

"I also thought that spending five months putting a live album together was criminal."

Ronnie considers it a shame that Iommi and Butler decided to make such an issue of the bust-up and reckons: "They could have left the whole thing to rest, but they had to be fools and bring it up. It just proves what idiots they are!"

So no love has been lost then?

"Not really, no and I am a bit disappointed at the way things have turned out, but there you go. When I left Rainbow, Ritchie and I didn't part as enemies, contrary to public opinion. We were friends and we still are. But I know I will never be a friend of either Geezer Butler or Tony Iommi. I respected Ritchie Blackmore because he was a gentleman – I wish I could say the same thing for them. I could say more but it really isn't worth airing the dirty laundry."

Meanwhile, Dio has cut 'Holy Diver' with the aid of ex-Sabs skinbeater Vinnie Appice, bassist and old Rainbow 'chum' Jimmy Bain and guitarist Vivian Campbell, who used to be in the Irish band Sweet Savage.

"I spent a month and a half in the studio," says Dio, "which was more or less what I expected. It was pretty well prepared and in fact I'd had the deal for two years. But I never let it get in the way of Sabbath and while I was with them I had plenty of commitments with touring and recording. As soon as I'd split from the Sabs though I started thinking about it and planning things out."

"When Vinnie and I decided that we

were going to continue working together, we came over to England in search of a bassist and a guitarist. We definitely wanted to use British musicians – I've always been very influenced by the scene over there – and I didn't really want to work with Americans."

"As soon as we got to London the first person I called was Jimmy Bain because I thought that he might be able to recommend some people and it turned out that he wasn't doing anything at the time. We then decided to have a blow and he recommended Viv and things seemed to work out very well. Jimmy and Vinnie make a great rhythm section and so they decided to come over to the States."

Ronnie produced 'Holy Diver' himself ("I was sick and tired of bending to the whims of others") and it should be released in the next month or so. There are nine cuts featured and the titles include 'Don't Talk To Strangers', 'Rainbow In The Dark', 'Straight To The Heart', 'Gypsy' and 'Caught In The Middle'. Dio is responsible for the bulk of the songwriting, although he has collaborated on a few tracks with Bain and Campbell.

What about touring plans?

Ronnie revealed that he might add a keyboard player, one that's prepared to take a 'shadow role', but he's hoping that the line-up of himself, Bain, Appice and Campbell will be able to deliver the goods on their own. I must confess that Dio has always been one of my favourite hard rock vocalists and it'll be interesting to see how things developed.

Having completed our interview, Ronnie wanted to add just one more thing about Sabbath. "The thing that just about sums up everything is the cover of the 'Live Evil' LP. If you take a good hard look, you'll see what I mean. For a start, all the names used to be in alphabetical order but on the sleeve they read 'Butler/Iommi/Dio' – the same goes for the writing credits. Secondly, my professional working name is Ronnie James Dio and not just Ronnie Dio – that was a swift kick up the ass. I'm sure it was done deliberately."

"And as far as Vinnie's namecheck goes – written very small – that just makes no sense at all. Even if he was a 'hired hand', he was still one quarter of the band. There are other things like the pictures, but it's not worth going on and on."

"I hope this will be the final time that I have to say anything about the whole issue – but I figured that I might just as well have my say and let people know my side of the story."



HELLS ANGELES (PART 2)

LAURA CANYON completes her round up of LA HM
with a look at the better known bands on the local circuit.

W.A.S.P.



WASP

QUAALUDES ARE nasty things. The kids who take them and go to HM shows just sit there glaze-eyed and snoozing, which must be a bit disconcerting to the people stomping and hollering and screaming onstage. Wasp have got a fine solution to the HM quaalude problem: "We throw raw meat at the audience". It's what they mean when they describe their show as a "psychodrama". Says frontman Blackie: "it's like being at a sporting event. The audience gets involved. You have to pay attention in case you get hit! It stops them from falling asleep!"

Blackie – singer and bass player with Wasp – used to be in glam-rock killers the New York Dolls, so you can hardly accuse him and his band of stealing their egg-whisk hairdos and glam-shag look from Mötley Crüe. They've been together a little over a year, and did some recording before they started playing around town, "to get a foundation of what the music would sound like". They've been building on that a little at a time and are "ready now" to unleash themselves on the quivering world. Which will take the form of an LP they're going to record in New York with Kiss's Ace Frehley at the controls. Ace is an old pal of Blackie's, but he's not doing the LP for old time's sake. Apparently Ted Nugent's old producer has been sniffing round the band with the hopes of working with them.

The sound is very, very loud, savage and unignorable riffy HM. They bill themselves as the 'primeval masters of savage assault'. Their look is pretty over-the-top: "futuristic primitive", Blackie calls it. While others dress for success, Wasp "dress for survival. That's what we're doing". They don't get much press coverage because "I don't want anybody's opinion," snarls the singer. The album, by the way, is due in May.

RATT

UNLESS THAT was an acid flash, I'm sure I remember this lot looking like Punky Meadows clones, all Aqua-net hairspray and spandex, very very Hollywood. But the last few times I've seen them, Ratt have had a denim street image and a similarly tough-but-fun street-level sound. There's been some changes in the line-up too, but they all seem pretty happy with the current personnel and have recorded a six-song EP together with tracks like 'You Think You're Tough' and 'Sweet Cheater' and their cover of 'Walking The Dog'. If it sounds anything like they do live, it's well worth investing your hard-earned fortune in, as they're a pretty wonderful band. I guarantee that one day this bunch will actually get as big as their egos!

The line-up last time I looked

was Stephen Percy – an excellent vocalist, with a definite Steve Tyler influence and a strong, belting voice – Robbin Crosby and Warren deMartini – guitars – John Crucier – bass – and Bobby 'The Blotz' Blotzer – drums. They've been together over two years, played any LA club worth playing, opened for Saxon and Mötley Crüe and almost blew Hughes-Thrall offstage at the Country Club. Not surprisingly, this year will be mostly headlining gigs, and they're planning to skip town to corrupt HM-ers in Las Vegas and Arizona, hopefully making it to Britain in the summer.

Good songs, good playing, a strong heavy rock (as opposed to HM) band. Those who like Aerosmith will drool.

STEELER

STEELER ORIGINALLY came into town from Nashville, Tennessee, but there's probably no other band more representative of the LA HM sound: American Def Leppard with Judas Priest vocals and a real get-down-and-rock party style.

Still, they have a certain finesse about them that puts them a cut above the rest, and a lot of the finesse can be found in their guitarist Yngwie Malmsteen. Yngwie comes from Stockholm, Sweden, sounds somewhere between Randy Rhoads and Ulrich Roth, and will one day soon start giving Eddie Van Halen a run for his money. He's bloody amazing, a master of the instrument, and the

highpoint of a band that's otherwise energetic and enthusiastic.

The other members are Ron Keel (screaming lead vocals, guitar), Rik Fox (bass) and Mark Scott, drums. A hard-working bunch, they've been busy on the circuit, and busier still rehearsing new songs for an album due out on Shrapnel Records in the Spring. They've also been investing quite a bit of money into their stage show, which will feature new backdrops and pyrotechnics.

ARMORED SAINT

ARMORED SAINT'S whole purpose in life, they say, is "simply to lead you away from the everyday hassles of life." And if that sounds like the musical equivalent of a Radox bath, forget it! "What we mean is just f**k it, just letting completely and absolutely loose with your body and mind".

Armored Saint, so misty-eyed LA HM-ers tell me, are "the most headbanged band in Los Angeles". In fact they're flaming fanatical. What they lack in professionalism onstage (which, believe me, isn't much) they more than make up for in wild energy and enthusiasm and excessive over-the-topness. It's like watching a train without brakes – constant dual guitar attacks and headbanging. And they're just as nuts offstage. At a party at Betsy of Bitch's house a while back, someone put a Motorhead record on and the partygoers – including Saint and a bunch of local HM bands – started headbanging. Saint's guitarist got so carried away that he wound up breaking a foot, and having to play their next gigs headbanging from a stool in the corner, his leg in a plaster cast inscribed with HM band logos!

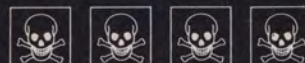
The band's five members – John Bush (vocals), Dave Prichard (guitar), Phil Sandoval (guitar), Joey Vera (bass), Gonzo (drums) – knew each other from school, but got together as a band at the beginning of '82, with an average age of 19. In a year they picked up an amazing following. Their songs have titles like 'Stricken By Fate', 'No Reason to Live' and 'Lesson Well Learned'. One has appeared on the 'Metal Massacre II' compilation album, but the rest should come out on an EP before long. What I heard was very fast, very heavy, very English sounding, with definite Priest and Maiden influences. They hail from Pasadena – Van Halen country – and their motto is 'Saints Will Conquer'. If they go on like this, they most definitely will.



RON KEEL Lead singer STEELER



ARMORED SAINT



EVER WONDER what Judas Priest would be like if Halford were a girl – no jokes please! Meet Obsession: 'The Queens of Leather Rock'.

"Nobody," says their manager, "has come up with the ultimate Heavy Metal band that's female and doesn't sell sex." Girlschool? "They're cutesy! They're sweet! These girls are POWER."

Indeed they are. Singer Terry O'Leary has got a pair of –er– lungs on her that could fell a rhino at 50 yards. A real belter of a voice, she sings almost as high as Halford and doesn't look half as pained about it! "We've got a show," they reckon, "that can compete with any male HM

band, and we've got what boys want ..." Assuming boys want cute bodies squeezed into black leather, balanced on dangerously-spiked high heels, decorated with studs and topped off with long black shagged haircuts, which definitely seemed to be the case at the show I saw. So many young men slaving that the floor was like an ice rink! If their manager really thinks Obsession aren't selling sex, he probably thinks Mötley Crüe are a country & western group.

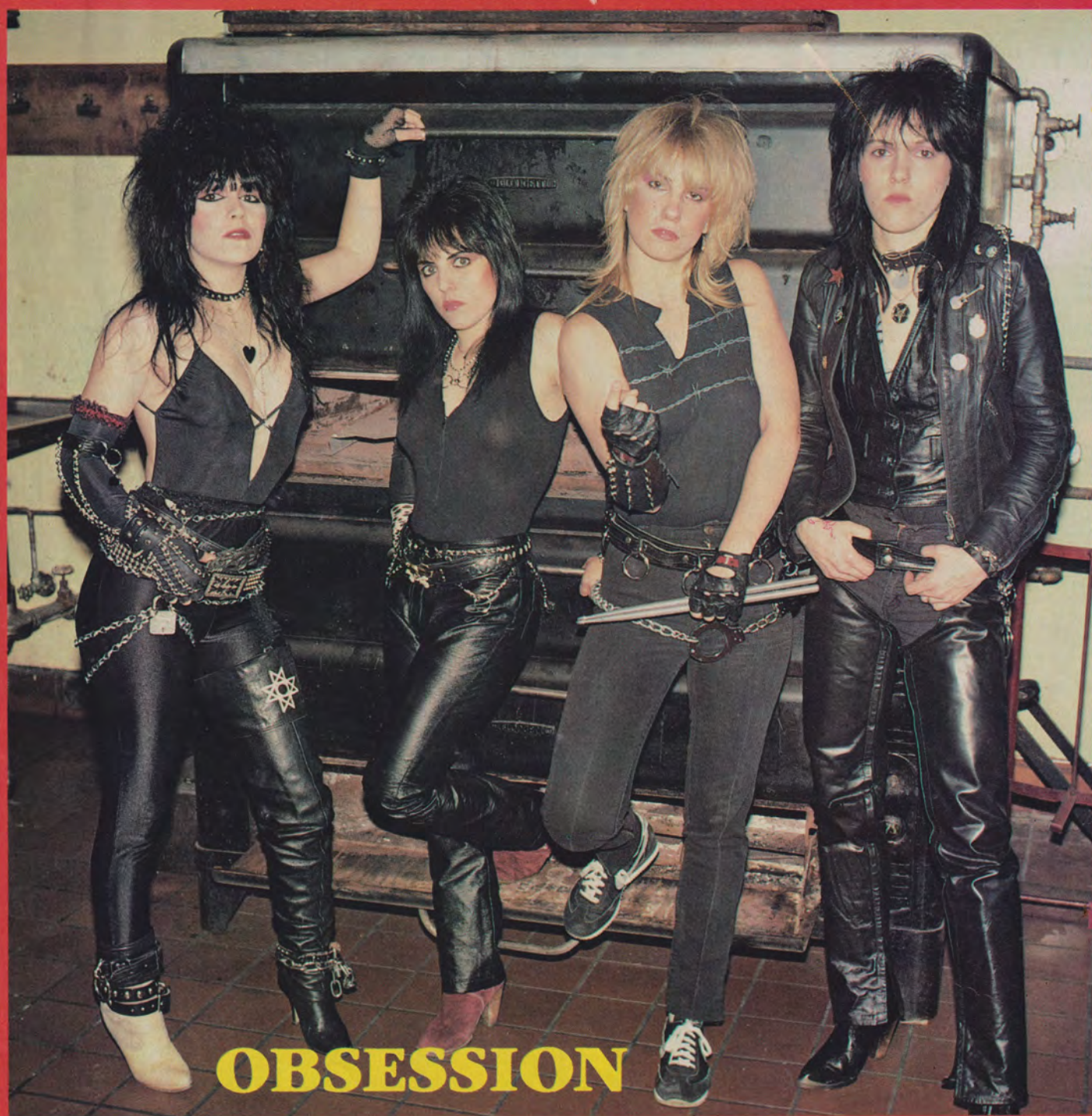
Talking of whom, Nikki Sixx designed their star-shaped logo. It's meant, they say, to ward off evil, though they're not into

devil-worship themselves, "Just leather".

Obsession's been together two years, but spent a year and a half of them in the studio rehearsing and getting their look and show together, a process they say they're "tightening up in public". For the last half of '82 they played the circuit, first billing themselves as "the other all-girl band" (referring to Tantrum, the disappearing female HMers we told you about) and now as "The Queens of Leather Rock – we're it!" To the delight of some of the hot-blooded male HM-ers around town, but not their girlfriends. Their lady security guard, Katy, has had to fight them off the

band far more often than the guys.

They do all original HM material – titles like 'Teenage Suicide' – except for a cover of the Kinks' 'All Day And All Of The Night'. Strong stuff, though it could do with a bit of variation. No record as yet, but you might get to see them in the flesh in August, when they're planning to tour Britain opening for a couple of unnamed English bands.



KOMMUNICATION

Say it loud to Kommunikation, Kerrang!, 40 Long Acre, London WC2



I'VE JUST been to Saxon's only concert in Denmark and it was great. Biff & co with the Eagle was just fantastic, but there's such a long period of time between HM concerts in Denmark.

I went to see Rainbow in October with Girlschool as support, and after the concert I chatted for about half an hour with Joe Lynn Turner. I think most HM bands are glad to chat with their fans afterwards.

Like Nicky Anton in issue no. 36 I'm enclosing a photograph taken to prove my point. It's Joe in the middle, me on the right and a guy called Palle on the left. **Esben Slot Sorensen, Risskov, Denmark.**



NICK ANTON of Blairgowrie was lucky meeting Gillan but I was luckier to meet Saxon! I've heard all the new album 'Power & The Glory' and I think it's brilliant! Typical Saxon, best when played loud.

Saxon are a good bunch of blokes. When I arrived at the place where they were recording, Steve Dawson let me have a tinkle on his guitar - geez it was the loudest tinkle in the world. I hope you print this and the photo. Say hello to Steve Box and Andy Tradewell who are both hard and heavy Metal merchants. **Angus Berridge, Pinetrees Close, Copthorne, Nr. Crawley.**

I'M JUST writing to say 'what the hell's going on in the Gillan camp?' I've heard so many rumours about them.

1. Are Gillan no more?
2. Is Ian going to join Deep Purple or Black Sabbath?
3. Are the rest of the band going to get a new lead singer and perform under a new name?
4. Is Colin Towns joining White Spirit?
5. Are the band going to sit around for nine months doing nothing waiting for Ian's voice to heal so they can get to work again?

If Gillan have split, which would be a terrible shame because they are the masters of heavy rock, I think they deserve a full discography and a written history of their complete work. After all Rainbow have had a 'story' and they're still going strong.

Most of all, though, please tell me and thousands of other Gillan fans what's going on, and get well soon Ian. It's bloody terrible without ya. **The Maelstrom, King of all demon drivers in the land of magic.**

A John McCoy feature coming soon should answer most of these questions.

DEAR WHALLEY (or is it poser) having read this week's *Kerrang!* Single Kuts column, I can tell you that your write-up on Yorkshire's local band Factory has three things wrong with it.

Firstly Trapeze did not do any

second rate songs. Secondly, Mel Galley, the guy who wrote the song and gave Factory his seal of approval to perform it, has heard the record and seen it performed live, and thinks it does credit to both himself, Trapeze and Factory. And thirdly, as a local HM DJ & promoter of HM bands, I think it is very good and so do the audiences. Most of them have listened to and bought the single.

My wish (should it come true) is for you to see and listen to Factory for yourself before passing judgement. **P. Davis, Ashton Avenue, Leeds 8, Yorks.**

HAVING BEEN a reader of *Kerrang!* since day one, I thought you would at some point have featured those Brussel's cranium crunchers, Killer. As far as I know, they've released two molten Metal opuses 'Ready For Hell' and 'Wall Of Sound'. Both platters are well worthy of attention even more so the guys themselves.

Their music is very basic, loud, gritty Heavy, Heavy Metal, the sort that wouldn't fail to satisfy Motorhead & Venom fans alike. They really are a great Heavy Metal outfit so, please, for myself and other Killer fans alike, could you feature them sometime in the future in the soundest magazine in the universe. **Razar, Speke, Liverpool L24.**

No problem. Watch out for a feature in the next issue.

I JUST thought I'd scribble a note of appreciation with regard to Chris Welch's excellent article on the progressive rock groups of the seventies. I myself was born too late (1966) to get into them at the time when all the fun and excitement was at its height. In fact, I didn't get into 'Yes' until 1978, just as they were reaching the end of their reign as one of rock's giants, and also the time when Genesis started to go downhill after the departure of Hackett.

Because of this rather late entry into the realms of the best music in the world, I have always been considered something of an old-fashioned wierdo by stupid prats at school who are into crap such as Depeche Mode and Yazoo who play keyboards with one hand on the keys and the other dangling limply at the side.

So, imagine my delight at the arrival of Marillion and the progressive rock 'revival'. Half way through reading Chris Welch's article for about the tenth time I jumped into the air like some kind of crazed mountain goat, dashed downstairs and dug up my trusty old copy of 'Pictures At An Exhibition' by ELP. I played it really loud & soaked it all up. Then I dashed back upstairs and put on 'Sound Chaser' and 'Roundabout' by Yes. Reading that article has suddenly madame realise that there is no other music like Yes etc, and that it'll live on in the minds of millions forever.

The pathetic snivelling plebs who listen to Duran Duran and say I'm living in the past, can just sod off! **Belch, Struan Road, Sheffield.**

I HAVE been reading *Kerrang!* since the first issue, though I am not a Heavy Metal fan but a rock fan in general who happens to like some Metal bands (Priest/Ozzy/Sabbath etc). In recent issues you have included artistes such as Judie Tzuke, Kim Carnes etc., and while they are not rock Metal acts they are certainly welcome as rock artistes. Other non-Metal articles have been the excellent

spreads on the old and new progressive bands.

If *Kerrang!* wants to keep on selling as many copies as it obviously does, then it must keep on printing articles, reviews etc on non-Metal bands. Heavy Metal fans do have a broader taste in music than they are given credit for.

What I would really like to see in your mag is more information on the early seventies bands as well as today's new wave bands: Free, SAHB, Mott the Hoople, The Doors, Humble Pie etc. These bands and many more were very important to today's music and in some cases still are. Can we have something on these bands soon (especially Free), thanks. **Chris Hull.**

I'M SICK to death of the narrow-minded, egotistical way you review albums. I've been buying *Kerrang!* from day one and have come across a lot of injustices which I've just ignored. But the final straw was Dave Dickson's review of Americade's debut album 'American Metal' - it was a disgrace. Alice Cooper the only heavy band to come out of the States? What about Montrose, Journey, The Rods, Aerosmith and the masters themselves, Kiss.

He reckons that Metal is so fundamentally British that everybody else tows along behind - what crap! Metal will never be anything but fundamentally working class music, something that poor working class males can relate to. So, unless England is the only country with working class people, Dickson's talking through his hat.

As for the Americade album, maybe Dante Bonutto or Howard Johnson could give it a fair review. Which leads nicely to another point - Geoff Banks' review of Kiss' 'Killer' single, in which he reminded everybody that the middle section was ripped off from Zeppelin; in other words, slugging the band because of it. Ironically his brightest hopes for success are Mamas Boys who released an album that didn't contain one original riff, yet they're still acclaimed. What gives? **John Daly, Dublin, Eire.**

I ENCLOSE part of an article about HM and how loud music can drive you mad. The reporter who wrote the article, George Todd, picks out a few groups, eg. Saxon, The Who and Led

Zeppelin. Saxon are not trying to be big noises of rock they already are.

I'm sure other HM fans will join me in telling George Todd to stick his insults where it hurts. **An angry Saxon fan, Rochester, Kent.**

THE SOUND OF MUSIC CAN DRIVE YOU MAD

By
GEORGE
TODD

Health experts warn that too-loud



GEORGE KOOYMANS (Golden Earring)



WHEN DID YOU BEGIN PLAYING GUITAR?: When I was about nine years old.

WHY DID YOU START?: Because I listened to Eddie Cochran and the Shadows on the radio and wanted to copy it. There was very little rock'n'roll played on Dutch radio and there was nobody singing in English in Dutch groups... but my cousin encouraged me.

FIRST TYPE OF GUITAR: A Spanish 'Harmony' acoustic but then my father got me one of the first electric guitars, a Hofner. He worked his ass off to get me that!

MUSICAL TRAINING: I had no teacher or schooling, but my cousin played jazz guitar and taught me some of the more difficult chords. I'm very bad at copying though.

EARLY INFLUENCES: Eddie Cochran, The Everlys, The Stones and the Beatles. I especially liked the way Lennon sang 'Twist And Shout'.

FIRST PUBLIC PERFORMANCE: At the farewell party at the end of my Sixth Grade at school.

FIRST APPEARANCE ON RECORD: 'Please Go', the first Golden Earring single in 1964.

OTHER VINYL APPEARANCES: My solo album 'Jojo' released in 1971.

EQUIPMENT: I always used to play six Voxs but I've just changed to either Roland or Marshall stacks. I use them both but use a switch on the floor to change from the Roland (which I use for the softer stuff) to the Marshall when I want a more distorted sound. My guitars are all chordless fitted with radio pick-ups.

NUMBER OF GUITARS OWNED: About 20 or so. These include two Rich's and a Gibson Marauder.

MOST MEMORABLE SOLO ON RECORD: I always tend to think I should have played better but there is some nice work on 'Radar Love' and 'Vanilla Queen'. I like 'Prisoner Of The Night' too.

OTHER GUITARISTS YOU ADMIRE: I used to listen to Jimmy Page and Hendrix, of course, but now I don't listen to other guitarists so much because too many tend to sound the same.

... the hot new bands!

ALBUM REVIEWS

EXCITER

STAND BY for Exciter ... there might be more than one outfit who go under this monicker, but as far this hack is concerned this one is the only troupe that counts.

Hailing from Ottawa in Canada, the band have been on the scene now for some three years, forming in May 1979. Since then the line-up of John Ricci (guitars/vocals), Dan Beehler (drums/vocals), and Al Johnson (bass/vocals), has spent the majority of their existence fighting against native apathy and record company disinterest in straight 'n' sharp METAL. And this is precisely what these megaton monsters play.

Drawing influences from British style heaviness, they are best described as a mutant cross (of iron) between Priest, Maiden and Motorhead, with just a splash of Van Halen thrown in for good measure. As Ricci proudly boasts: "We don't play many clubs in Ottawa. We're too loud, we blow the walls down with volume."

To date, Exciter have made only one appearance on vinyl. This was via 'US Metal Volume II', a compilation of hot new



North American acts that came out last year on the San Franciscan label Shrapnel.

Exciter's cut was the suitably-entitled 'World War III', typical of the band's blast 'n' thrust

dynamism, and they are soon to release further mayhem on the Shrapnel label, when a full-blown LP hits the decks later on this year, featuring such tender-handed titles as 'Cry Of The

Banshee', 'Stand Up & Fight', 'The Holocaust' and 'Mistress Of Evil'. Definitely not a band for those with weak bladders!

MALCOLM DOME



PALI GAP

LINE-UP: Ian Ellis (guitar and vocals), Martyn Hawley (bass) and Terry Grantham (drums). Single: 'Under The Sun'/'The Knives Are Out'. Available for £1.25 inc. P&P from Martyn Hawley, 1 Mulberry Gardens, Witham, Essex. (Phone 0376 514315).

I was amazed to discover

this band lived, breathed and practised just 71 miles from where I write ... yet I'd never heard them at all. I'll be opening the windows more often now, though. Loud 'n' heavy with a vengeance, what sets Pali Gap aside from the hosts is their ability to deliver the goods without relying on speed. Instead they churn out sheer raw power in a style that is ultimately ... very Metal.

Guitarist Ian sent me a tape containing a further three numbers and bearing the felt-pen legend, "play at shattering volume". Get the picture? For a band that appear so innocent and with a name so gentle (it's taken from a Hendrix number and means 'mountainous bay' in Hawaiian) they sure as hell make some noise!!

But without getting carried away, it's important to note that

Ian places a good deal of emphasis on sound quality - he's always looking for good gear and a reliable PA because there's no point reducing the punters to jelly with plain noise. This attitude came across well on the excellently produced single. They got Matthew Fisher (ex-Procul Harum, keyboards) to do the job as he'd done the same task so well for Robin Trower. As they both lived locally and Ian knew them a little it was natural to ask. The results you will find, speak very nicely for themselves.

Pali Gap have been together just two years but have, "already worn out two drummers" and still have a particularly mean ace up their sleeves. Innocuously entitled 'Guitar Solo' (cough), it's a wonderful opus of tremelo, FX and feedback that they like to close the set with. For anyone with an ear for the gonzo, or a taste for Frank Marino's 'Electric Reflections Of War' from the Mahogany Rush live album, it's a definite must.

The other numbers on the tape were of an equally high standard, so I have no hesitation in urging you to check this band out. They have come a long way in 24 months and could go some way further given the breaks. NEIL JEFFRIES

I HEAR THE DRUMS ECHOING TONIGHT

Dave Dickson talks to **MANFRED MANN** about his new album *'Somewhere In Afrika'*



BECAUSE OF the nature of the new album the content of the interview was largely political. However, for personal reasons, Manfred chose to cut off my tape-recorder before disclosing the more sensitive details behind the album's political connotations; and I, for one, am not about to blow the gaff on that confidence. Politics is a very delicate subject in the state of South Africa and noses can easily be put out of joint, but that's what I was here to discuss, and that's what I got.

What made you write 'Somewhere in Afrika'?

"It was a sort of accident, I didn't mean to write it. We'd recorded 'Redemption Song' and I didn't think it had succeeded. This was an earlier version, I record things about three times, but the backing track wasn't bad so I decided to write another song over that. I went home and looked through some books on South Africa looking for some lyrics and the first lines I came to were: 'What

do they do to a man whose Father was a Swazi?' etc. ('To Bantustan?') and I just started using that, and the song was written over the same three chords as 'Redemption Song'. That seemed to work so then I thought I'd write an introduction, which was 'Brothers & Sisters of Africa' . . . so there you go.

"And there we were singing 'To Kwazulu, Bophuthatswana . . . ' and I thought the real way to do this is to get African guys to sing it; and then if you're going to get Africans to sing it why not do it in Afrika?! Then I started using some ethnic African tapes and I know some guys who've got access to other tapes and things.

"Some of those tapes, like the beginning of 'Brothers & Sisters Of Africa' and 'Somewhere In Afrika', are just traditional African music which we just mixed in with what we were doing; put a few tambourines on one, mixed one in with an organ . . . and it was all so easy, that's what's so ridiculous! We just switched on the African tapes and found it was all in the same key we'd recorded our stuff in quite by accident – you just have to go with a thing when it's working like that.

"You go along and get a tape

that's recorded 20 years ago in South Africa, the opening tape on Side 2, and you plug it in on 'Brothers and Sisters of Africa' and it's in a relative major key, and it works! You didn't plan it, it just works!"

Can you explain how the system of the Bantustans works?

"Well, I can only explain it in very layman terms, I don't really know it well.

"The whole basis of South African racialism is ideological and that base is that these people are not being deprived of rights in South Africa anymore than a Frenchman is being deprived of his rights in England. When he comes to England he doesn't have the vote, he can be thrown out if he doesn't have a work permit – I don't know about the Common Market now, but normally when someone goes to another country – and the basis is very simple! These are not actually South African citizens, these are citizens of Kwazulu, Bophuthatswana, Transkei, and these places are areas of the country – and I'm explaining this from the South Africans' point of view – and the people who come out of there are just migrant labourers, just like Turkish people in Germany.

"That's how it works. So when you're in White South African areas if you have a job that's fine, but if you lose your job you can be sent back home! Well, great! Except that these people ARE South Africans, and the whole thing is based on nonsense.

"Some of these areas are no larger than a big farm, with no industry, therefore the song goes: 'What do they do with a man whose Father was a Swazi? etc . . . /Do they send him to Kwazulu, Bophuthatswana or Transkei?/I ask why?' I mean, where would you send that person to? They're just making this up! So when you attack that you attack the whole basis on which their system rests in their minds. They're not racist! These people are just migrant labourers. Soweto's full of people who don't really belong in Johannesburg, they're just there as guests while they're working in that area, which is OUR area! They can go back to their own area! But they want to be in White areas, in fact, because that's where the employment is, so they're flocking in; but if it's so terrible why do they all want to come here? It's all quite funny really."

So according to the South African Government what

constitutes a South African citizen?

"I don't actually know how they would define it, but I've got pretty close to having a skin that reflects a bit more light than some of the other people! Ha! I don't know. It's very difficult to be a South African citizen if you tend to be absorbing the sunlight!"

Do you think politics should intrude into the world of commercial pop? Does it have any place?

"It's very hard to do and the problem I had all the time was to try and ensure that the words sounded right and that it was music. The most important thing was you could listen to it without having to think and be terribly serious, that it's music first and foremost. If the drummer's out of time it doesn't matter that you happen to be writing 'Das Kapital', you know!"

"If some message comes across that's fine, if it doesn't that's fine too. The important thing is - does it sound good? The politics are secondary, that's a personal thing for the people who want to pick it up, and if you don't you should be able to leave it."

Do you think rock'n'roll can ever change the world?

"Ha! I certainly don't think rock'n'roll can change the world! I don't mean to laugh but it's such a delusion. I mean, seriously, look at the world and try and imagine if rock'n'roll could actually change it! It's crazy!"

But as rock'n'roll is very much a youth orientated culture, what if someone could capture that and motivate them into some sort of action, which no-one has actually done, it could be a very political force.

"But that would probably be a terrible thing!"

Why?

"Well, first of all, who wants a 'powerful political force' based on songs? Could you really imagine, and reality now not just words, all the people who go to gigs actually dealing with unemployment in the Midlands? I mean, I'm not saying the Government can handle it, and I'm not saying the guys in Parliament are wonderful human beings, but, Christ, there's no unity of ideas, the only unity is the music, that's the ideal!"

"You'd probably land up with something incredibly fascist. I don't know what it means: 'powerful political force' for what? What would they do? What would be their policy on... capital punishment? What would be their policy on someone raping their sister? If you really put it into real terms:

OK, here's the 'Youth Party', now let's see their policy on hanging; what's the budget going to be? What are we going to do about single-parent families? What's the budget for housing this year? Is it socialist, is it not-socialist; is it left-wing, is it right-wing?"

"I don't know what it means to say 'youth'. I mean, youth is pretty self-obsessed, finding out who you are and stuff, which is fine... but really! Christ, who's going to lead this 'Youth Movement'? Musicians! F**k me, mate, go out and meet a few rock'n'roll musicians and try to figure out what problems they're going to solve! Ha! I mean, it's nice to talk about over a coffee table, but if you actually take it seriously it's crazy!"

So politics for politicians?

"I must say, generally speaking, I trust politicians more than the people because I try to imagine what would happen if you actually asked THE PEOPLE what to do about Northern Ireland - they'd probably be hunting terrorists, or inventing terrorists, on every street corner; what to do about football hooligans - they'd probably have their hands cut off if it was left to The People. You'd be putting people in the stocks, and drowning them to see if they were witches! No, I don't believe in The People at all. People are pretty fascist actually."

"I honestly believe if you went round a few housing estates and held up a lot of political policies and took them away from being associated with any political parties, and you asked them what they felt about various social issues you'd find people's general feelings very close to the National Front. If it wasn't couched in those terms and if it didn't have 'National Front' on it and somebody appearing as those guys are, just took it away and made it look more respectable... That's my view, maybe a depressing view, you may disagree with it."

What would you like to see the British Government doing about South Africa?

"I don't really know what the British Government should do. At the end of the day I must say I really do feel the African Struggle is an African struggle. What I don't like in Britain is the total and utter hypocrisy of people who are upset about cricketers going to South Africa while British Leyland has factories there. I just find that unbelievable. I don't have any sympathy for the cricketers although I understand their point of view; here's guys who don't earn a lot of money suddenly offered a fortune, you know."

"But it's just crazy! Trading all day long! But even people on the left who are against South Africa and the cricketers, fine, but they wouldn't say let's cause some unemployment in the Midlands by closing down the factory that we provide some equipment for in South Africa, just ignore that!"

If we didn't trade the French would or the Germans would. And these economic boycotts are just pointless activity. Going round and not buying South African grapes is crazy, you just put one African labourer out of a job! You're either effective or you're not. And if you're going to be effective then everybody does it, then it's really damn effective. But if only Britain's going to do it then you might as well not bother."

Then were UN sanctions a waste of time?

"UN sanctions against South Africa? Waste of time! Nobody would adhere to it in the end. In fact the only thing that will change South Africa is the people themselves. That's the sad truth, I certainly don't think it's my job."

Does the kind of cross-cultural influence used on 'Somewhere in Afrika' interest you?

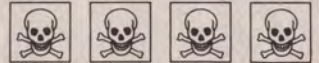
"It did on this album. I

thought there was great atmosphere to that flute playing and that kind of electric vocoder in the background. It just all fitted so well, there was a unity between something very tribal, in that case very ethnic, and what we were doing which was generated by a machine in some instances. 'Brothers & Sisters of Africa' starts off with a choir singing 20 years ago, I think, and the first sounds that come in from us is a Roland drum-machine, and it all hits!"

Is this something you're going to explore again?

"I don't think so, I wouldn't know how to go about it to be honest. I might do at some point in the future. It is difficult to know where to go nowadays because so many people are using computers and they all end up buying the same as everybody else."

But on the evidence of 'Somewhere In Afrika' I wouldn't have thought Manfred Mann was going to have too many problems on that score.



Rose Tattoo

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Pic Mick Gregory



NIGHTWING AND A PRAYER!

It's time to stand up and be counted. MALCOLM DOME adds up the chances.

*IT'S ABOUT time people everywhere stood up for themselves. All they do is sit on their backsides, letting the world pass 'em by. Whatever your political views, you've gotta admit the world today is f**ked, man. We could all be blown to smithereens at any moment. And look at the unemployment situation – it's criminal. But people just throw up their hands, say: 'what can WE do about it', and turn the other way. Of course, you can do something about it. If everyone stood up NOW, and said 'ENOUGH', then maybe we'd get these things changed – for the better!' (Gordon Rowley)*

In this gut-bucket, cynic-ridden world of ours there are two types of personages – Those who DO, and those who GET DONE. Nightwing bassist/producer/spokesman Gordon Rowley is a man definitely at home in the former category. True, he might look like the archetypal Neanderthal 'he used to have a brain cell once, but it got lonely and left' muso. You know, the sort who if asked what he thought about the economic climate would reply 'yeah, good band, but they'll never get a deal!' But don't be fooled. Beneath this overtly savage exterior (an appearance that apparently puts the frighteners into even the normally fearless Dee Snider), beats the caring heart of a man who knows there is an awful lot to life apart from the ligging tent.

Indeed, Rowley is one of the most articulate and intelligent rockers it's ever been my pleasure to meet. Over the past few years, whilst most contemporary musicians have been more concerned with sounding off about dud record deals and ego-tripping ex-colleagues, this unassuming bassist has thrown himself with considerable verve into trying to rehabilitate drug addicts and alcoholics ("every human being has got something to offer someone, somewhere in the world. If I can do something to help anyone, it's the least I can do"), as well as playing an active role in the anti-nuclear movement, BEFORE it became hip to have any such connections.

And he's not just a man who deals in empty rhetoric. Oh, no sir. For the phrase 'Stand Up & Be Counted' isn't simply the title of the third Nightwing LP (of which more later – I promise), it's an ingrained Rowley philosophy. For example, did you know that last year Alex Harvey actually died in Rowley's arms, after the latter had twice vainly brought him back from the dead? Further, did you know that recently, he received a citation for bravery

from the Los Angeles Police Department (who would normally only associate themselves with rockers in the course of a drugs bust!) for saving the life of a young motorist trapped in a burning auto.

"I was on my way to the recording studio early one morning in LA, where I was mixing 'Stand Up . . .', when I happened on this car that had crashed into a lamp-post. There were all these by-standers around just staring, even though the driver needed help. So, I waded in to try and assist," explains Rowley.

The upshot was that the man was freed single-handed by our Liverpudlian hero, who used only his bare fist to smash his way through the metal dash-board trapping the near-victim in the burning vehicle. In the process, Rowley managed to break all his knuckles, but then as he himself admits with a wry smile, "that's the story of my life!"

Astonishingly, during his lengthy career within the confines of rock 'n' roll, he's broken practically every bone in his ample frame at least once, been electrocuted on-stage, suffered a stroke, collapsed from extreme physical exhaustion . . . and had the metal pin in his left knee (inserted after an accident that happened whilst he was in the marines . . . but that's another story!) literally come out whilst he was performing at a gig, sending a torrent of blood all over the shop. "If you put all these accidents down in chronological order, on a piece of paper, people wouldn't believe it!" laughs Rowley.

Yet, despite this succession of disasters, he's remained untouched by the creeping disease of embedded bitterness. This is all the more remarkable when you consider that as a musician, too, Rowley has never been blessed with a surfeit of luck. In fact, if there had been any justice at all in this most fickle of businesses, then he'd have achieved some form of major recognition with Mersey trio Strife in the seventies. Over a period of several years and two (now-cult) albums in 'Rush'/'Back to Thunder', they built a solid reputation with the punters – yet never quite got into the mega-league. A pity really, cos this band were a fine, hard-hitting example of Brit heaviness in it's most sterling form.

After the demise of Strife, Rowley dabbled briefly in the high-life, as a much sought-after recording engineer in the USA, working on such projects as the now-legendary 'No Nukes' concert recordings at Madison Square Gardens in September 1979. However, he soon returned to England and live work, forming Nightwing in early 1980. Aside from el Gordon, the band also took in former Nutz/Jenny Haan keyboards maestro Kenny

'Poser' Newton, and two unknowns in guitarist Alec Johnson and drummer Steve Bartley, a duo who share with their leader an on-going non-going photogenic situation! Trivia fiends should note that both Bartley and Johnson had once played in a north of England outfit called the Alec Johnson Band, who released an obscure single entitled 'My Lady'/'Busman's Holiday' – produced by Rowley!

Two NW albums came and went in 'Something In The Air' (issued in '80) and 'Black Summer' ('81), both of which gained some critical/commercial acceptance for the band and their brand of high-class, if overtly derivative, keyboards-orientated-hard-rock (KOHR to you). Live work both here and in mainland Europe with Gillan helped to underpin this interest. Yet, to most people (including myself) something was missing. Perhaps it was the feeling that what the quartet did was all very impressive, and musically proficient, but it lacked a certain degree of REAL inspiration.

All that changed for me, however, from the moment their latest LP, 'Stand Up & Be Counted', hit the deck. Released on Gull Records (as were it's predecessors), 'Stand Up . . .' at last shows the combo flexing their musical muscles and flying in the face of the traditions of hard rock. No longer do they sound like Purple/Styx/Tull impressionists – now they came across as individuals.

"I've always maintained that there's more to rock 'n' roll than screaming 1000 watt Marshalls. You see, I regard myself as fighting a holy crusade for quality music. Everyone is so into drum solos, screeching vocals and thrashing guitars, that they've lost sight of the fact that music must show progression in order to survive. Unless you have a willingness to try different directions, then rock becomes stagnant and boring. I'm attempting in my own way to fly the flag for adventurous music. That's why I've put on the back of the album it's for people who still have ears."

"What's pleasantly surprised me is the number of people who've already said how much they were impressed. I really did expect everyone to react with a little confusion about 'Stand Up . . .' cos it IS so different from anything else Nightwing has so far done. But no, instead, lots of fans have told me how much they've enjoyed listening to it. It's gratifying to know there are still people out there who listen to music, and can appreciate quality when they come across it. I'm not saying this is a masterpiece, but it's my own little statement in support of good rock 'n roll. I

don't expect it to be a 'hit' record in the chart sense, cos I gave up looking for such things ages ago – you can only have your heart broken so many times before you learn never to expect such recognition. No, to me it's a privilege these days if just one person is moved by our music to buy an album – that's my personal idea of a hit. But, more than anything else, I want this album to gain recognition for the guys in Nightwing, with or without me, as a good bunch of musicians and people. I'm convinced this band is deserving of such acknowledgement."

Indeed it is. And none more so than new vocalist Max Bacon. Hitherto unknown, 'Stand Up & Be Counted' represents his first vinyl excursion – and a star has most certainly been hatched herein. Discovered by Alec Johnson, this native of Northwich brings a remarkable fluency, power, and range to numbers such as the Metal/pop 'Dressed To Kill', the enigmatic 'Machine', and the balladic, poetical 'Games To Play'.

There's no doubt in my mind that Bacon has provided the missing Nightwing link, and made the band the finest KOHR combo in the UK, bar Magnum. But, aside from the new LP, much will depend on how great an impact the newly-completed quintet have on the concert-going fraternity. To this end, expect Nightwing to hit the road very shortly on an extensive trip round the country, followed by a sojourn in the States in July, where they'll record another album, before a return visit (hopefully) in August for a spot on the Reading Festival bill.

"We did it in 1981 and had a great time. We wanted to do it last year as well, but the organisers, after promising us a slot, went back on their word. Still, all things being equal, we're confident of making a return appearance this year."

In between all these activities, Rowley hopes to work once more with David Crosby (an old acquaintance from his stay in the US during '79), and also with a couple of German hard rockin' bands.

"I'm especially looking forward to producing David Crosby. He's such a talented, sweet guy. Besides, I've a feeling he's not gonna be alive for much longer, so it would be nice to do a final project with him in the near future!"

There's also plans afoot to transfer Rowley's amazing life story into book format. And who knows, maybe one day someone will make a film out of it. If they do, then a guaranteed title contender must be 'Confessions Of A Survivor'.

KLASSIFIEDS

PERSONAL

MALE 24 into Purple, Bad Co, Free, Beatles, seeks girl 18-24 for gigs, pubs, outings, friendship, love, London area. Photo if possible. All letters answered Box No K155.

17 YEAR old metal fan, wants to meet 18 to 21 year old fella Belfast (N.I.) area. Contact Susie ring 691377.

NEVER FORGET we've got tonight Bryan. Love, your best friend Box No K152.

GUY NEW to metal scene wants friends Sussex area for pubs, gigs. Into most bands, Bob Box No K153.

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GOOD LOOKING guy 16 seeks female Penfriend. Pics appreciated., Box No K149.

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DUMPYS Fan Club SAE to Paul 16, Liverpool Rd, Kingston, Surrey.

SLADE Fan Club, SAE to Nick Emery 67 Runswick Rd, Brisington, Bristol B54 3HX.

BRITISH STYX Appreciation Society, £5 membership or S.A.E. for further details to Vicky Warren, 28 Overdale, Ashted, Surrey, KT21 1PW.

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Penpal

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CONAN The Librarian (21) seeks fit and pretty wench 18-25 photos appreciated. Write to **Conan**, 62 East Damwood Road, Speke, Liverpool L24.

RONNIE James Dio Fans I know you're out there and I would love to hear from you. I am interested in trading and buying articles, pics, interviews, tapes etc. **Frankie**, PO Box 38207, Olmsted Falls, Ohio, 44138 USA.

LET ME introduce you to Spider and Manowar if you have not already heard their albums. Also heavily into Marillion, Scorpions and Hendrix. Anyone welcome. I am 15. **Joh Waring**, 23a Burridge Road, Chelston, Torquay, Devon, England.

DEPRESSED female headbanger (18) would like to write to male metal maniacs into most HM/HR bands. All letters answered. **Midge The Mouse**, 2 Batchfields, Dymock, Gloucs GL18 2AD.

FEMALE (21) banana addict, bored with life and lack of plantations in Surrey. Fave raves Gillan, Maiden, Purple, Saxon, greengrocers etc. **Sue Love** (anti Rod person) 350b Kingston Road, Ewell, Surrey KT19 0DT.

ANIMAL & lppo want to get in touch with HM fans (m/f) who will help with accommodation (crash at yours or camp nearby) for weekend (or longer) excursions to HM pubs/clubs anywhere in UK. Compliments returned. Phone 0279 441091 or write: **Peter**, 91 Altham Grove, Harlow Essex.



20 YEAR OLD heavy rocker into 'Snake, MSG, AC/DC, Scorpions etc., wants correspondence from females everywhere. Photo if possible. **Rusli B.A., Elect. Sect. Force Workshop, Bolkiah Camp, Brunei.**

HI, I'm a peace loving headbanging 15 year old schoolboy who would love to meet a female of about the same age in the London/Surrey region for friendship. I am into most HM including AC/DC, Maiden, Quo, and Scorpions. **Graham**, 4 Garston Gardens, Kenley, Surrey.

HERE sits a lonely Rainbow lady who also blasts her brain cells with: AC/DC, Ozzy, Sabs, Led Zep, Whitesnake, MSG etc. And teases her mind with the 'unexplained'. Rock crazy fellas (18-25) holding similar good tastes, scrawl me a quick line, sense of humour essential. No wimps please. **J. Rose Baldwin**, 34 Rectory Meadow, Chinnor, Oxford OX9 4PJ.

LONELY Glasgow lad really dedicated to music into good rock and blues would love to hear from females aged 16-20, all letters answered. **Jimmy Booth**, 1277 Dumbarton Road, Glasgow.

16 YEAR old Whitesnake fan madly in love with David Coverdale would like all David Coverdale lookalikes to write to me, **Lorraine Tolan**, 540 Dewsbury Rd., Beeston, Leeds, Yorkshire.

FRENCH speaking Mancunian HM female (18) interested in Quo, Halen, Whitesnake and new bands write to me (males preferred). **Susan Hobbs**, at Ashdain House, Varley Halls Of Residence, Coldean Lane, Brighton BN1 9GR.

I'm a 21 year old guy heavy metal fanatic. My favourite groups are Van Halen, Triumph and Angel City. I also like, Y&T, Priest, Ozzy etc. **Stephane Dupon**, 3 Rue De Lorraine, 95200 Sarcelles, France.

LONG-HAIRED Derbyshire freak heavily into Rush, wishes to correspond with females on the same wavelength. **Steve Middleton**, 47 Thornbrook Road, Chapel-en-le-frith, Cheshire.

FOREIGNER fanatics wanted! I'm a 17 year old American rocker looking for anyone and everyone into the most talent-drenched band of all time! Also anyone who gives the turntable equal pleasure with the Babys, John Waite, etc. (Howard Johnson I hope you're reading this). Looking forward to swapping international collectables or just current news. **Paul Ferraro**, 1013 Carl Drive, Bayshore, Long Island, New York 11706 USA.

ALL YOU female metallurgists I'm an outright lunatic CC rider (17) looking for 17-19 year old maidens of metal mayhem for gigs etc. I'm geared up to: Venom, Diamond Head, etc. **Tommy the Metal Mayhem Kid**, Lunsford Farm, Pett, East Sussex.

HI, ANYONE want cheering up and a penpal? Then write to me. I love Led Zep, Bad Co., Free etc. I'll be waiting by the letter box. Anyone aged 16-18. **Rachell Richardson**, 'Braemar', Church St., Sutton-in-Ash, Notts.

CHRIS (17) into HM, Motorhead, AC/DC, Scorpions, Krokus etc would like to hear from metallers (females). **Chris**, 22 Psiharis St, CBS Plati Area, Aglantcia, Nicosia, Cyprus.

CANUCK (24) Into Snake, Hanoi Rocks, Goddess and Maiden. The Earth's biggest Kim McAuliffe fan. Planning

on tripping to the UK in Sept. Looking for ones to go show me the spots and gigs. Only heavy drinkers need apply. **Warren Footz**, 803, 102 Agnes Street, New Westminster, BC Canada, V3L 5C7

BELGIAN metal maniac into: Grim Reaper, Mercyful Fate, Aragorn, Samurai, would like to exchange info, records and demos from lesser-known bands with other metalheads all over the world and especially from California. **Stefaan Daamen**, P. Delestrestraat 52, 1850 Grimbergen, Belgium.

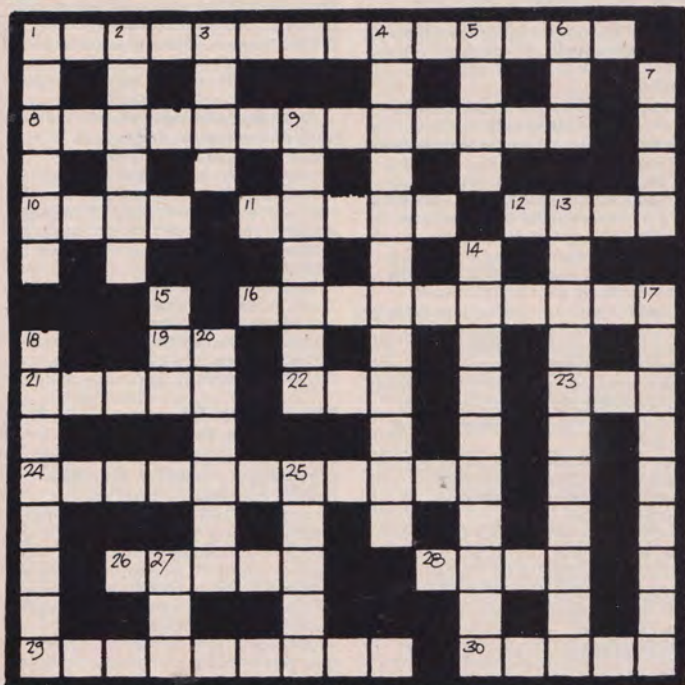
I AM a 19 year old male from France and into Priest, Lizzy, Accept, G. Moore, D. Head, Motorhead, Sabbath, Ozzy... Would like to write to females/males all letters answered. Send photo if possible. **Alain Pacaud**, 68 Rue Leon Frot, 75011 Paris, France.

FEMALES 17+ into UFO, Iron Maiden, Triumph, Beatles, Cheap Trick, Pink Floyd etc. Please write. Photos a must. Also I need guitar picks for my collection, will buy. Rock til ya drop. **Gregg Lindeman**, 2913 S. 13th Ave., Broadview, Illinois 60153 USA.

HELLO I'm a 27 year old headbanger and a fan of Uriah Heep, Sabbath, Saxon, Krokus etc. I would like to hear from both male and female HM fanatics, hope to hear from you soon, write to: **Antonio Donizeti Pirani**, Rua Dona Veridiana No 484, Apt 41-A, Santa Cecilia, SP/SP, CEP01238, Brasil.



MALE headbanger (18) into MSG, Rainbow, Maiden, Rush, Gonads, Sabs, Leppard etc. would like to meet females (17-20) in Manchester area to go to pubs, clubs, gigs with etc. **Azhar Chaudhry**, 75 Northmoor Road, Longsight, Manchester M12 4PE.



KEEPCROSSWORD!

ACROSS

- 1 Lunar problem for Seger (5.2.3.4)
- 8 Close relative of 12 across (2.7.4)
- 10 Did Styx use 'em on their boat on the river? (4)
- 11 Could this describe Heep's 'Salisbury'? (5)
- 12 Their sobs weighed tones (4)
- 16 They've got them self destruction blues (5.5)
- 19 Two riders for the blues (1.1)
- 21 It brought death to Lizzy (5)
- 22 Stones walked on (3)
- 23 They raced with the devil (3)
- 24 A Pallas order (6.5)
- 26 Ritchie's card (5)
- 28 Lloyd/Potts/Hope (4)
- 29 Accident at a girlschool (3.3.3)
- 30 ZZ's Hill (5)

DOWN

- 1 Shock tacticians (6)
- 2 A blues King with a fierce axe style (6)
- 3 Time turners? (4)
- 4 Repetitive Coverdale? (4.1.2.5)
- 5 Steinman's loaf (4)
- 6 Cheap Trick put it on it (3)
- 7 Fast one for Le Griffe (4)
- 9 From whence came Focus? (7)
- 13 Heavy Metal rock and rollers? (4.7)
- 14 Legendary Sheffield outfit that back Joe Cocker (6.4)
- 15 We like it dry (3)
- 17 Safety demanded by Iron Maiden (9)
- 18 A game band (8)
- 20 Joan coupled it with Crimson (6)
- 25 Not before Journey's fall (5)
- 27 A Steely Dan classic (3)

SOLUTION

ACROSS: 1. Shame On The Moon 8. My Brother Jake 10. Oars 11. Plain 12. Free 16. Hanoi Rocks 19. C.C. 21. Angel 22. Dog 23. Gun 24. Arrive Alive 26. Target 28. Dave 29. Hit And Run 30. Dusty
DOWN: 1. Samson 2. Albert 3. Eloy 4. Here I Go Again 5. Meat 6. One 7. Bike 9. Holland 13. Rock Goddess 14. Grease Band 15. Ice 17. Sanctuary 18. Nazareth 20. Clover 25. After 27. Aja.

ROCKERS

Pics by Wigan Brunelli



THIN LIZZY Farewell Reunion: Gary Moore and John Sykes (above, left) and Scott Gorham with Eric Bell. See first review . . .

THIN LIZZY Hammersmith Odeon

ALONG with another 3,852 punters I was fortunate enough to witness a magic night of rock'n'roll at Hammersmith Odeon. Thin Lizzy had made no secret that they'd like to spend an evening jumping with their former guitar players and had hinted in several interviews that it was more than just a remote possibility.

They chose the last of their four nights at the Odeon to do it, and the event was every bit as spectacular as one would have expected from a showman like Phil Lynott.

The main set adhered to the one they'd been playing all over the country, and it wasn't until the encore when Lynott walked up to the microphone and announced that they were "going to bring some of the boys out" that I realised just what lay in store for us.

A stunned crowd welcomed Brian Robertson onstage for a great version of 'Emerald' which saw an entertaining duel with Scott Gorham. 'Rosalie' followed up close behind and the Odeon crowd clapped and sang along as if their lives depended upon it. Robbo featured on one more number, 'Baby Drives Me Crazy', before the band trooped off.

Gary Moore was the next special guest to make an appearance. He'd obviously settled his differences with the rest of the band (after quitting midway through an American tour) and seemed to be having the time of his life. 'Still In Love With You' was dedicated to "anyone who's followed Thin Lizzy over the years" and Moore stepped up to play the solo. The song had a far more loose, melodic feel to it, although the follow up number, 'Black Rose', more than made up for it with some marvellous exchanged fretwork between Moore, Gorham and John Sykes.

What would they possibly do to follow that?

"Eric Bell is here" announced Lynott to answer my question.

The guitarist strolled on, broke into the opening chords of 'Whiskey In The Jar' and was almost drowned out by the roar of the crowd. But the best was saved 'til last though, with Messrs

Robertson, Moore and Bell joining the massed ranks of Gorham, Sykes and Lynott with plenty of posing and oceans of feedback at the front of the stage during a slightly O.T.T. version of 'The Rocker'.

It wasn't quite as spontaneous as it looked though, as I was later informed that rehearsals had been taking place all afternoon. Nevertheless, an evening such as this brought home just how much talent Thin Lizzy have had in their various line-ups over the years. It certainly made me realise just how much they'll be missed if this should turn out to be their final tour. A superb final chapter in the story of a superb band? Only time will tell.

DAVID LING

WENDY AND THE ROCKETTS Marquee, London

Australian rock is continually gaining credibility, despite tending to be tied to a couple of insistent archetypes – the boogie metal that we first heard with AC/DC and then found repeated with varying degrees of ingenuity from the likes of Angel City, Rose Tattoo, Heaven, Cheetah and Boss (oops sorry you haven't heard of them yet – it won't be long though), or the cool slightly funky rock that never meant much until Men At Work had a hit. For further details see the up and coming Wendy And The Rocketts feature. But here and now suffice to say that this band owes absolutely nothing to national archetypes, and actually stands on individual merit alone.

And what merit – the audience may not have had the Marquee bulging at the seams but the "Jesus they're good" asides were absolutely unanimous. Wendy Stapleton is a star of course, a committed rocker clad all in black with a shaggy mane of blonde hair and a magnificently powerful voice that makes mincemeat of most of the competition without even trying – no rough edges, no stylised raw screaming, just (!) a multi-decibel rock voice.

The band is so tight it's almost absurd to consider that they are not huge already. They are not power chord merchants but they are strong and aggressive players with a

marvellous back-bone in drummer Steve Donald, a straight ahead rock powerhouse whose team work with bassist Noel Beare gives guitarists Joey Amenta and Adrian Dessent room to play without over-crowding the sound.

The material's simple and effectively commercial-rock songs for a rock following but quickly attractive to a much wider following. With no over-blown histrionics to obscure their infectious energy each successive number had the crowd happily stomping away and roaring with approval.

PAUL SUTER

MERCYFUL FATE Clarendon, Hammersmith

SO HERE we are, we devil's disciples, gathered to celebrate the mass in this dank and hoary crypt. Outside the clouds drift across a full and ominous moon as the cry of rampant wolves echoes the roll of approaching thunder. . . .

Yeah, well, OK, I mean let's not get carried away. This is only Hammersmith, and it's *only* Mercyful Fate. So we needn't get *too* excited.

I can conceive that it might have been a mistake sending me to review this gig. As a devotee of the Arcane Arts I find this commercial fostering of the satanic image a little galling; but then the gross reality of the situation is this: Satan is an infinitely more interesting and compelling character than boring old hum drum, council estate God, and can therefore be relied upon to shift more product. In other words, as a commercial venture God is something of a non-starter while the devil already has a seat on the board.

Now the last band that fell under my vitriolic pen in this context was Demon and I've not softened my approach since.

But first let's get the plus points out of the way: Mercyful Fate are a very tight outfit, lead guitarist Michael Denner and Hank Shermann certainly know their stuff and use their talents to no little effect. Meanwhile King Diamond starts pitching his vocals around the point where Rob Halford's break off, – the man can scream like

there was no tomorrow and must have a set of vocal chords like steel wire lagged in silk. . . .

But, for all the audience lapped this metallic mega-indulgence up, for all *Kerrang's* men on the spot les Bonutto et Dome could be soon getting their rocks off, this really couldn't add up to much in my estimation (about 70 minutes I think). How many times can you re-write and re-arrange one song and still make it sound interesting. This whole show was like an exercise in mutual masturbation between band and ever eager followers of what they perceive to be a darker path to the ultimate fulfilment.

Consequently, while the whole thing is enjoyable enough for both participant while it lasts, the result is ultimately unproductive. Mercyful Fate in these surroundings (a small smokey club) where beer flows easily, are useful entertainment but I can't honestly see it growing much beyond these confines without a radical change in direction and some serious attempts at good song writing.

Apart from the ridiculous limitations of their 'art' (and I use the term loosely) they are an extremely proficient band, but I find it rather distressing that they may actually take this seriously, or worse still that their audience may take them seriously (crossed bones microphone holder and all).

But, like I said, let's not get carried away. After all, it's only Heavy Metal and in the Great Cosmic Scheme of things it really *doesn't* matter a monkey's toss, does it?
DAVE DICKSON

720/SORTILEGE The Boston, North London

SORTILEGE were a young Parisian group playing their first ever British date on their way home after recording in Hull. Their name as yet, means nothing here so they met with only polite curiosity at this first official night at London's newest rock venue. A far cry from the response I saw in the French capital some months ago. They weren't at their best so didn't show their true potential sadly. Still, they play HM like early Priest/Maiden with a singer fit to shatter windows

and ears with his piercing operatically trained voice. Had the guitars only been as loud in the PA it could have been a very formidable weapon... but they can, and will do better.

Aside from a couple of support tours little has seemed to go right for 720. Deals have been promised but never delivered. They've a strong London following but still yearn for that all important break. They're not a HM band but instead play good, punchy hard rock laced with the unexpected... A reggae break in 'Turn Out The Lights', harmonics picked to perfection as bell-chimes for 'London Nights' and some inspired use of a second set of (syn)drums to really heavy-up 'Animal Beat'. And yup!... we're talking songs Reggae! Stop yawning at the back there... 720 prove it is possible to mix powerchords and melodies and not be called Russ Ballard.

For the first few numbers though all this talent seemed a little directionless — it was all good but not easy to decide if the previous number was by the same band that you were enjoying now! 'Heaven' and 'Schooldays' sorted that problem out fortunately and then it was down to a string of tight, rocky little records all the way to the end... except no record co. is prepared to release them. Someone is screwing up and everyone is loosing out.

As well as their material 720 have a lot going for them. Visually, lofty bassman-singer Dave Birch proved intriguing counterpoint to his two more diminutive guitarists. On the left blonde Dave Colwell added the occasional keyboard fill — he's been playing them all of "five minutes" — and on the right Andy Marshall put in some fine and original solos. 720 are a very good band and deserve better than they're getting.

NEIL JEFFRIES

TERRAPLANE Marquee, London

THE BRITISH rock scene is at present in a fascinating state of flux. Established leaders of the old guard are splitting and other big names are being forced to adjust to maintain their stature. Then all the time behind these, still young and hungry for gigs as well as deals, are a collection filling a bubbling cauldron of new ideas and approaches. Terraplane are just one of these latter bands but they also happen to be one of the best.

Sound quality here wasn't all it might have been but this is no place for post mortems of that nature, what was most important about this performance was the pure effort and aggression it contained... Terraplane attacked the Marquee like their lives depended on it paying no heed to PA or monitor hassles and never relenting the fierce assault.

Occasionally the band were as ragged as the old jeans they wore but they were never casual. Instead they were as striking as the tee-shirts! As near a perfect combination of yobbish enthusiasm and crafted hard rock as any band of this stature can offer. Most of the rough edges probably came from over-enthusiasm. From opener 'River Deep Mountain High' to the encore closing brace of Kinks' songs they hardly paused for breath. Breaks for intros and patter were kept to a minimum as number after number careered into its successor like Aerosmith in heat. Terraplane are almost certainly the no-holds-barred rock band that UFO never really became.

Add to all this songs of the calibre of 'Gimme The Money', 'Beginning Of The End' and 'Tough Kinda Life' and there just has to be a bright future for this band. It can only be a matter of time before some record co. comes up with a sensible offer that does this crew justice. In the end two lines from

the new single 'I'll Survive' summed it all up very neatly: 'Nothing ever goes the way you want it to all the time, If you've got nothing there's nothing to lose so don't look behind...'

There'll be better gigs and certainly better sound but in the end Terraplane will survive. They have to, talent such as theirs cannot and must not be allowed to get overlooked

NEIL JEFFRIES

CAFFREY

'The Old 29', Sunderland

IT'S 11.30 on a Saturday morning and it's pouring with rain. I'm standing outside the legendary/despicable (locally it is noted as both by audience/bands) 'Old 29' pub in Sunderland. Your jaded hack has a head like the proverbial bucket. (I'm feeling more than a little 'pale') and the last thing I'd be considering under normal circumstances would be to actually attempt objective comment of ANY sort about ANYTHING, even less a band who I'd been reliably informed were 'a kind of North East Journey'. And yet, here I am! On the strength of a very professional demo tape I've travelled 40 miles to witness what I'd honestly expected to be a former club band who'd decided to 'go rock' — with a few Foreigner covers. But how wrong could I have been!

Caffrey simply exuded sheer class from every pore throughout their hour long set, and succeeded in winning over the notoriously choosy '29' crowd (they even clapped!). If the truth be told, I was convinced after the soundcheck, but the real icing on the cake, for me at least, was that all but one of their 10 track set were self penned stompers, each one an aural delight. Every song showed a depth and maturity so rarely encountered on this side of the Atlantic these days.

The swirling keyboards of Steve Doyle mixed fluidly with the fretboard wizardry of George Lamb, both being topped by the Perry/Gramm prowess of the bands namesake — vocalist Phil Caffrey. From the sheer effort that the band put in, you'd think they were experiencing the magic of Madison Square Garden, (to which their music is ideally suited) rather than Soggy Sunderland on a Saturday lunchtime.

From the polished raunch of 'In A Dream' and 'Back On My Feet Again', to the emotive high powered balladeering of 'Foolin' Me', Caffrey the band, and the man, never failed to impress on every possible level. Even their cover of 'Lonely At The Top' managed to add a new dimension to the Tygers' song, with it's generous harmonies and tight pop/rock sensibilities. The list is almost endless, I could go on and on but I won't.

All I'll say is this: Caffrey are one of the most exciting and technically excellent bands to come out of Newcastle in a long long time, some of their arrangements literally sent shivers down my spine. And for a band who only hours before I was prepared to write off as mere plagiarists of the American Dream, that isn't bad is it?

MARK GREGORY

FRAMED Fulham Greyhound

THE REASON it is unlikely that you will have heard of Framed is that up to this particular date at the Greyhound they had not toured at all and have received only the bare minimum of publicity, which may not seem surprising at first until one sees that this new band features the combined talents of two musicians that have both had their respective moments of success with previous name bands.

Who are these two mystery people? Well one is Enid Williams, of Girlschool fame, the other being that old Cockney cowboy of Sham 69, Dave Parsons. These were the starring attractions that encouraged the crowd along, though more was made of the

ex-Girlschool connection than anything else and this no doubt was the reason for the large quantity of leather clad people in the audience expecting something in the region of Girlschool Mark II or something very similar.

Well those that did were probably disappointed.

Enid, on bass and vocal duties, looked happy to be back on a London stage again, aided on both sides by the aforementioned Parsons and another female, Barbara Spitz, also on guitar. The rest of the line up was completed by Ian Whitewood on drums and Gray Noon on keyboards.

"We're all very nervous" said Barbara, looking visually striking with her pink stained hair. Well all I can say is that if they were it certainly didn't show as they ran through an hours worth of rock/pop material. It certainly wasn't the metal I felt a lot of people were hoping for, more like second gear Joan Jett than anything else. Enid and Barbara seemed enthusiastic enough but basically there was just that little something missing that prevented the band from carrying the gig into an atmosphere of total acceptance.

Some responsibility must come down to Parsons who gave the impression that he was labouring through the gig rather than showing some enthusiasm and energy which came so easily in the Sham days. It also seems that in the current musical climate a large number of bands find the use of synths/keys an obligation, for the visual image and for modern day acceptance more than for the musical contribution they make. I found this in evidence yet again with Framed, who to be honest don't use the instrument to any great advantage. Gray Noon was also left wanting on the visual side. When a band is doing it's best to create some movement in the audience by showing some movement themselves the keyboardist obviously doesn't have a lot to offer in this dept. By having him up front they weren't doing themselves any favours.

To be fair though it was their first gig and looking from that angle the band will be well pleased. There clearly is an audience for them on the pub and club circuit and to be honest this is where this kind of music is most at home. However, I feel that this wasn't the goal that Enid left Girlschool for and unless some kind of significant progress is around the corner the danger is that both Enid and Dave will start itching for some success again and realise that Framed is unlikely to be the vehicle to take them back there.

KIRK BLOWS

MISSING PERSONS

Lyceum, London

MISSING PERSONS may not be the future of rock and roll but at least they're the present and deserve consideration — they're a blend of traditional rock power and a modernistic pop style relying on precision as much as attack, but as the sound echoed around the hall much of the effect was lost.

They were good, though, make no mistake of that. Drummer Terry Bozzio's abilities had attracted a large proportion of the audience and he disappointed no-one with a fine and fiery display, continuously ducking and bobbing as he stormed his way admirably around his kit, firing up the percussive drive of the band. Warren Cuccurullo guitar is the most traditional HR element, although most of the songs were short and concise and 'Bad Streets' was the only number where he managed to break out for a spot of excellent axe strangling. On the other hand the keyboards of Chuck Wild and bass-line specialist Patrick O'Hearn contribute the sparkle of modern pop with style and great effect — the ultimate invitation is to dance rather than indulge in a bout of cranial concussion.

And who else would you dance with but the petite figure of Dale Bozzio? Well...

To be brutal she lacked the stagecraft that her vocal style suggests she possesses, and seemed to be permanently caught between mannequin mime and a rock star stomp without ever convincingly moving into either style. Her inauspicious stage entrance as a spandexed Tinkerbell was fortunately dropped quite rapidly, but an apparent lack of complete self-assurance and an evident lack of communication with the audience prevented her coming over as the commanding performer she needs to be in order to complete the Missing Persons file.

Basically they played everything they've recorded (bar their cover of 'The Doors' 'Hello I Love You', plus two more of the same in 'Right Now' and 'Action/Reaction', all of it spunky and sparkling and full of vitality in terms of the songs themselves, but never fully done justice to on the night — unless of course you were blind and standing near the front, where the quality of the sound did at least carry for a short distance.

Missing Persons will undoubtedly justify themselves, there's too much inherent quality for them to fail to do that. But perhaps the Lyceum was a false start.

PAUL SUTER



WIN THE KROKUS AXE!

AWLRIGHT, crazee people, now's your chance to win one of the HM world's most prized items – the Krokus axe! In case you're wondering, this is the genuine stage prop which has so enhanced the band's live shows across the globe, thrilling audiences with it's maniacal glint.

There's only one of it's kind anywhere – and we've got it! But, being benevolent souls, we're gonna give it away to the first person drawn from the office hat, who answers the three questions below correctly:

- 1) What was the band's first album for Ariola?
- 2) Who produced 'One Vice At A Time'?
- 3) Which Canadian band originally recorded the song 'American Woman', a cut that appeared on the aforementioned 'One Vice . . . ' LP

And just as a teasing addition, we want you to tell

us in no more than 20 words what you'll do with the axe if you're lucky enough to win it!

Send you answers on a post-card to Krokus competition, Kerrang, PO Box

16, Harlow, Essex. Don't forget to include your own name and address!



CONEY HATCH



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CONTACT

JANICE answers your questions

DO YOU KNOW of any radio stations that have a regular Heavy Metal / Heavy Rock programme (apart from 'The Alan Freeman Monday Night Rock Show' on London's Capital Radio)? **Anthony Cruise, East Grinstead, West Sussex.**

■ Other than the show you mention and 'The Friday Rock Show' that Tommy Vance hosts on Radio One, the established airwaves devote very little time to playing heavy rock, in fact the shows that do exist seem very much a 'token' effort on the part of the radio companies, often hosted by 'jocks' who know very little about the present music scene. Independent Local Radio Stations often play more rock, obviously I cannot mention all of these but an example is Radio Tees which broadcasts a Heavy Metal show on Tuesday nights and more general rock four nights a week.

If you feel these shows are not enough then an alternative is to tune in to Pirate Radio broadcasts. One such station is 'Alice's Restaurant', London's only total rock station, they broadcast between 11pm - 3am on Saturday nights and play everything from Heavy Metal to Progressive rock new and old. They hope to add extra shows on Wednesday nights and over Easter and you can find them on 90.4 mhz FM. Their transmissions seem to cover quite a large area and I'm sure you could pick them up in East Grinstead.

Anyone wishing to write to Alice's Restaurant for stickers, badges, info send an s.a.e. to 1 St. Barnabas Road, Woodford Green, Essex. Bands can also send demo tapes to this address. Keep a look out in future issues of Kerrang! for a feature on Alice's Restaurant and an insight into pirate radio.

COULD YOU please tell me if the Rainbow Official Fan Club is still operating. Seven months ago I sent a cheque to them for £31 for a video. I have not heard from them since, despite many letters. What can I do about my money? **Rainbow Fan, Lincs.**

■ There have been many problems with the Rainbow fan club over the past few months, due to the fact that the videos that were being offered were nasty cheap bootlegs that were badly and amateurishly filmed and were a total rip-off to the fans. Many people have lost money over this and the whole situation was looking fairly dismal. Happily though, there now seems to be some hope for all those who lost out as the fan club is being taken over by a highly reputable company who promise to reimburse and rectify the problems.

All readers who hold membership to the Rainbow Fan Club (previously at: PO Box 7, Prescott) should send their membership cards and letters of complaint about videos to: P.O. Box 391, London W4 2LZ. The new organisers will then re-issue you with membership, fan magazine etc.

I AM writing to ask if you could tell me where Gene Simmons of Kiss got his skull necklace from and if it is possible for me to get one. **Ian Sharp, Redhill, Surrey.**

■ Presumably Gene Simmons bought his skull necklace in the USA or has had it made for him, but similar jewellery is available in England and many of our own stars like Lemmy buy their skull jewellery here. One shop that specialises in such demonic ornaments in London is 'The Great Frog', 51 Carnaby Street, London W1. Here they make silver and gold jewellery of a high standard in unusual designs favoured by rock stars.

The likes of Rush, Iron Maiden, Motorhead, Jimmy Page have purchased rings and necklaces from this shop and apart from guitars, skulls, daggers and the like they will also make just about anything to order. The jewellery isn't cheap due to the high standard of workmanship, but readers on a lower budget should find something to their liking under £7.



PLEASE can you tell me where I can obtain albums by 'The Enid'. **Stephen Soar, Covingham, Swindon, Wilts.**

■ 'The Enid' have recently been having some contractual problems over the distribution of their albums, resulting in the fact that now albums can only be obtained directly from them. Send an s.a.e. for details to: The Enid, Claret Hall Farm, Clare, Nr. Sudbury, Suffolk.

STYX FAN CLUB can be contacted c/o Vicky Warren, BSAS, 28 Overdale Ashted, Surrey.

■ Following the demise of the HM fanzine 'Live At The Vatican' the organisers have decided to transfer the fanzine onto a tape, a new idea which could be very successful as I'm sure that readers are interested in hearing their favourite bands being interviewed.

On the first tape there are interviews with 'Fist', 'Tranzamm' and 'Raven' plus tracks from 'Wrathchild' and 'Tranzamm'. The interviews are both funny and informative and bring the fans one step closer to the bands than a mere written interview, my only reservation about it being that some bands treated it too lightly and their messing about became un-funny after a while.

The present cost of the tape is 85p + s.a.e. or send your own C60 + 20p and an s.a.e. The cost may come down if the demand is high. One good point is that the tapes can be used more than once if they are sent back for the next issue to be recorded over. Anyone interested should write to: John Stewart, 38 Gordon Street, New Elgin, Morayshire, Scotland.

GOT A QUESTION OR PROBLEM? Write to Contact, Kerrang, 40 Long Acre, London WC2.

FILM & VIDEO

New releases Kerrangalysed!

'Q - THE WINGED SERPENT' (X)

Gore, blimey, mate. Not another horror movie that over-indulges in rivers of blood. It seems these days, the vast majority of horror flicks have forsaken the stylish/comedic conceptions of classic RKO/Hammer, and instead elect to fill the silver screen with a veritable shopping spree of guts 'n' corpuscles. What they forget is that sickeningly realistic scenes of violent assaults don't in themselves constitute the basis for a rollicking horror snip - it's only part of the package (or at least SHOULD be).

'Q - The Winged Serpent' is without doubt a poor-punter's 'Godzilla' (which was in turn a poor re-make of 'King Kong'). The only difference is that, whereas pre-BOC Godzilla had too content himself with an extinct volcano as a 'natural habitat', good ole Q's got the top of the swanky Chrysler building in New York within which to nestle down. But then, is there a self-respecting monster, in these mega blow-out days that wouldn't insist on a guaranteed, pest-free penthouse suite from which it can reek havoc. Ah, such is the price of good help and a strong union in '83!

From it's perch Q attempts half-heartedly to create a technicolour nightmare, taking a particular liking to young nubile silly enough to strip off for some sun-worship on the Chrysler roof. But that's it really. The rest of the plot concerns detectives David Carradine and Richard Roundtree, and their increasingly tedious/painstakingly inept progress in hunting down the monster, thence removing it from the face of Thorn/EMI's bank balance. Indeed, just about the only performance worth shouting about is that from Michael Moriarty as a wonderfully zany, heart-of-24 carat gold con-man, who helps out the cops and totally up-stages the main stars - including the rather papier-mache monster!

It would be nice to think 'Q' won't generate 'queues' at the box-office and that good taste will for once prevail. But, I've a feeling there's a large sucker audience ready to put big profits through the turnstiles for this one. **MALCOLM DOME**

THE ROLLING STONES: 'Let's Spend The Night Together', directed by Hal Ashby.

THE STONES have always wanted to create the definitive rock 'n' roll movie and they achieved that aim after their extensive US tour. However, that was back in '72 and the movie was then entitled 'Cocksucker Blues' which unfortunately remains (officially) un-released to this day. But this venture of celluloid happily met with Jagers approval and we have the worlds greatest rock 'n' roll band captured, arguably at their peak for all eternity.

The Rolling Stones are a huge juggernaut of an organisation with Mick Jagger planted firmly at their head. As the film displays (a large percentage of the footage focuses on Jagger); he is the archetypal rock showman and here he is in his element. But the real star is Keith Richards, cool, wasted, decadent, brilliantly anarchic, a joy to watch. LSTNT is open at selected cities now, a must for all Stones fanatics and an interesting diversion for ego maniacs and curious onlookers alike. See it!!!

DAVE DICKSON

HEAVY LOAD: 'Heavy Load Live' (Thunderload video cassette)

With Sweden's top heavy band unlikely to suddenly turn up at your local watering-hole, this video does provide an intriguing glimpse into exactly what makes this mob such an exciting prospect.

What you get here are seven numbers culled from the band's two vinyl releases to date - the mini-album 'Metal Conquest' and the full-blown 'Death Or Glory' - recorded live with a complete visual blanket. And, whilst, on occasions the whole thing seems just a mite too overwhelming (mega-aggressive lighting and a spectacular use of regular smoke-bombs), there's no doubt that anyone who enjoys a band giving their all, and don't give a damn, will find much to 'go ape over' herein.

And, if anything else, you'll get a great belly laugh out of 'Heavy Load Live'. The ludicrous modern viking look of drummer Styrbjorn Wahlquist (try chanting that at a gig!) is just totally 'National Independent Monster Party' material (Lord Sutch, are you listening?).

It's a pity really that a more expert camera/editing crew couldn't have been employed 'cos there's no doubt Heavy Load possess great material for a stunning live video (perhaps they could use our very own filmic maestro Xavier Russell next time). Whatever, 'HLL' is still worth having, even if it does lack the professional sheen of 'Live Between The Eyes'. At least it has genuine enthusiasm in every frame, unlike 'Motorhead'.

MALCOLM DOME

TURKEY SHOOT' (X)

With: Steve Railsback, Olivia Hussey, Noel Ferrier.
Dir: Brian Trenchard Smith.

It's 199-something and there's rioting in the streets. And you can tell that this is a low-budget effort because the riot scenes are newsreel footage from the late-Sixties. Apparently world peace has finally arrived; unfortunately, at a price. The planet's run by a totalitarian elite, and any dissenters are sent to prison camps straight out of Nazi Germany. We follow a trio of youngsters as they join one such 'corrective' settlement.

Flashbacks tell us that the two women in the group are totally innocent, while the geezer was unlucky enough to get caught transmitting rebel radio calls for freedom. Now this particular camp is run by someone named Thatcher; not a good sign. Sure enough it's not long before Our Heroes are running for their lives while Thatcher and a group of his decadent buddies use them for target practice. Remind you of anything? 'Deliverance', 'Southern Comfort', yes - and a score of lesser movies.

Well, 'Turkey Shoot' is the lessest of the less: the POW camp looks like it's made of cardboard, the characters are made of the same thing (there's even a sadistic 'homosexual' whose arsenal includes a mutant; unfortunately said monster looks like a bad actor in a 'Planet Of The Apes' mask; no wonder he pulls people's toes off!), and the script is just a joke.

There's the token bit of nudity, lots of half-assed violence and a very noisy finale. But by that time you'll probably have dozed off or gone home. This is a turkey alright; I've seen scarier episodes of 'Moomins'.

GIOVANNI DADOMO.

HI-DEE-HI!

STEVE 'S.M.F.F. of T.S.' GETT gets sicker DEE SNIDER of Twisted Sister

COURTROOM SCENE:

Complete chaos reigns in the High Court of Metallic Mayhem as the case against Dee Snider is announced. An unruly and drunken throng of 'SMFF of TS' (that's 'Sick Mother****ing Friends of Twisted Sister', to you squire) cheer and stamp their feet causing the judge to cry out: "Order! Order! Quiet in court! Bring forward the defendant."

Dee Snider enters the courtroom and cockily shuffles up to the box. "Do you swear by almighty God to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, so help you God?" asks the clerk of the courtroom. With an air of nonchalance, Snider retorts: "Hey, no problem."

And so the case begins...

Judge: "Mr Snider, you are charged with disturbing the peace by leading this outrageous group of young men, called Twisted Sister, who have been corrupting our younger citizens with some of the hardest, meanest and loudest rock'n'roll ever known to mankind. How do you plead?"

Snider: "Guilty."

Judge: "Furthermore, you are also charged with actually bringing pleasure to an ever-increasing number of 'headbangers' with this so called 'heavy metal' music. How do you plead?"

Snider: "Guilty."

The crowd of 'SMFF of TS' in the courtroom start shouting and clapping with fervour. Once again, the judge is forced to call for silence before proclaiming: 'Mr Snider... you are a sick mother****er!'

Snider: (Cackling) "You bet your ass I am!!!"

Dee Snider is unquestionably one of the most arresting frontmen the heavy metal world has seen in a long time. A totally over-the-top charismatic character, the Twisted Sister singer craves, breathes and lives a rock'n'roll existence. Indeed, it's difficult to imagine him in any other business.

"I guess it comes from growing up in a big family. There were six kids - five boys and one girl - so with that many kids, everyone in my family's like a personality. They're all like wildmen! The



guys in the band can't even handle them! I mean, they're outta their minds - one's worse than the next. That's because we're all screaming for somebody to notice us."

It's therefore hardly surprising that Dee should have opted for a career in rock'n'roll, since it gives him more than ample opportunity to stake his claim for attention. As lead vocalist and songwriter for Twisted Sister, he's definitely their 'leader' and has now been working the band for around eight years.

A breakthrough for Sister took a long time coming, but last year things really started moving when they came over to Britain to record their debut album, after scoring a deal with the independent Secret Records label.

"When we first got the Secret deal we were real pleased," says Dee, "even though it wasn't a major label or anything. We just knew we had the chance to get something out."

Produced by Pete Way, 'Under The Blade' was released in the latter part of '82 and although the material was inspiring, the overall sound quality left much to be desired.

Unfortunately (or perhaps fortunately!) Secret Records more or less crumbled, leaving the band without a deal. However, they came over to Britain to appear on 'The Tube' TV show (at their own expense) last December and happily landed a contract with Atlantic Records.

According to Dee: "Phil Carson (Atlantic Records' executive) was there with Mick Jones from Foreigner and he just flipped. He said that he hadn't seen a band like us since he first saw AC/DC. When he saw them, he signed them and

the same thing more or less happened with us, which was great because the man has been with Atlantic so long and signed so many successful bands."

Consequently, Carson put the Sisters into Jimmy Page's studio with producer Stuart Epps to record an album. It's currently just undergoing completion and a single 'I Am (I'm Me)' has already been issued. I ask Dee how he feels the new material differs from the first LP.

"Well, how do you think it differs from the first album?" he enquires. "Have you heard 'I Am'? What's your blatant opinion?"

I tell him I think it's got a more commercial edge.

"Do you like it?" he asks.

Yes.

"Honestly?" (What is this? A Nazi-style interrogation?)

I answer in the affirmative and Snider continues: "I like it - I wrote it, I should like it. We're not intentionally going for a commercial sound. I don't intentionally do anything. I write what I feel. And I think that what I feel, people will like. Somebody from your organisation said they thought 'I Am' sounded a little too commercial, which I don't understand. The only real difference is that we have a good studio and a good producer."

"So it may lack that primitiveness and be a little more polished, but I don't think there's anything wrong with that. I think that the song itself is great and that our people will like it. And if it takes a little more polish to get it on the radio and get people to listen to you, I think that's good."

"You've gotta get some of what we call the 'creamcheese' - not just the hardcore metal

fans, who are the people that are closest to my heart. But we're not selling out to get the 'creamcheese' - all we've done is just try to polish up the production a little and make it something that's more playable."

"So the material on the new album, I feel is a continuation of the last. There's a lot of blistering HM; there are a few things that people might say are a bit more commercial as well."

What's the LP going to be called?

"'You Can't Stop Rock'n'roll,'" replies Dee, spitting out every word. "That's the f**king truth. With all this new music crap coming out, people are starting to maybe think that you can but that's a pile of shit! I can't even think about those new bands in terms of music. To me, music is a form of recreation. Music does something for people on a mental level and a physical level."

"Heavy metal had always performed a physical thing for me. It's like psychotherapy ya know - if you can't afford to go to a doctor to find out why you're so f**ked up, then listen to heavy metal! I don't know how Soft Cell, Fleetwood Mac or any other crap can do anything for anybody to make them feel better."

Does Snider feel that these bands lack emotion?

"Yes, they're cold. They don't have any emotion and I think that the majority of kids need an emotional outlet. The disco thing was really massive - going back as an example - and you had people in three-piece suits with everybody saying 'Oh, good girls and boys, they look so smart dressed up'... good girls and boys, my ass!"

"They had ten times the fighting and rumbles and rapes and all the wild shit going that the headbangers have. Heavy metal bands have the least problems. Why? Because the come in, and maybe they're pissed at work or school or with their parents, and they scream, they yell, they bang, they throw their fists in the air, they laugh, they have a good f**kin time, they sweat and when they walk out they've relieved all this emotion."

"Dance around to that new music crap and you wanna go home and kill your parents!!!"





DEE SNIDER: Pic Kevin Hodapp

JOURNEY: THE VINYL

So we're talking about guitar heroes are we? Well as far as this Rock music lover can see, while there are umpteen players who are exciting and electrifying, there remain but two exponents of the art who casually rest at the top as the cream of the crop.

And no, it's not the two riff and solo merchants who you're probably thinking of who occupy that position. Schenker? Nah, Michael's a great performer but since he parted Ways (and Moggs) with

UFO, his songwriting doesn't justify a position of numero uno.

Blackmore then? Fraid not, for Ritchie (bless him) has opted out of the hero venture in a search for a more song/melody orientated Rock band based less on histrionics than before – at least that's my interpretation of RB's direction.

Who does that leave us with then? Who has achieved the balance of irresistible hooks and melodies accompanied by a fretboard dexterity which makes your fingers positively burn in a vain imaginary attempt to emulate it? Well I'd suggest that it could only be those two highly revered

gentlemen Mr. Eddie Van Halen and Mr. Neal Schon.

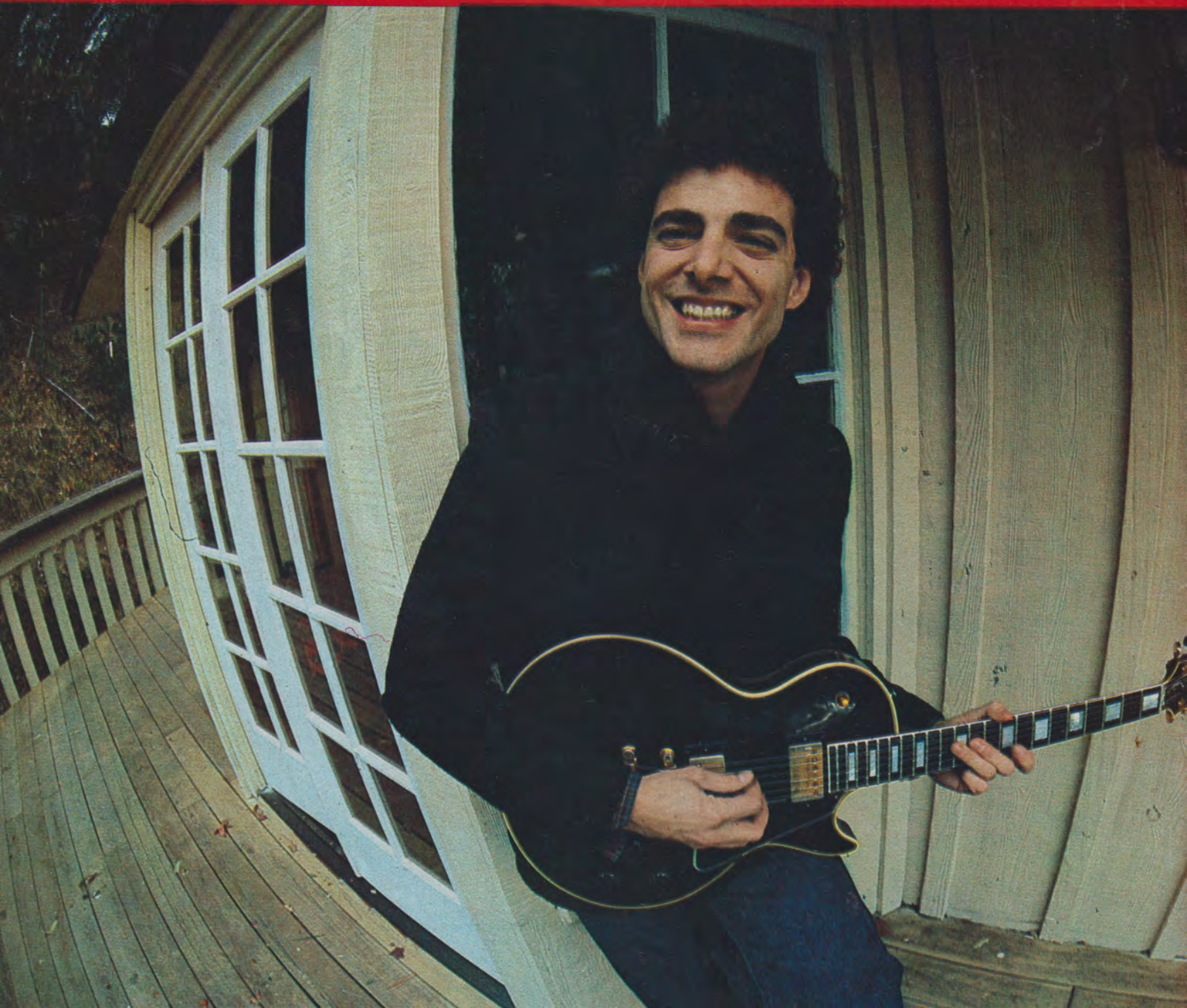
Now both guitarists have made more than a name for themselves in their homeland, where Van Halen and Journey are mega as in 'bigger than you can possibly imagine' mega, but until recently it was Van Halen alone who had converted the UK punters with no small thanks to a thunderous first UK tour as openers for Black Sabbath not so very long ago.

I say 'until recently' for at last Journey have achieved the kind of success in Britain which was way, way overdue for a band of such pure, unadulterated genius: 'With 'Frontiers',

Journey have surely arrived,' I wrote back in February and it's gratifying to be proved correct for Journey's latest album nestled quite comfortably into the British top ten selling albums.

Not that UK success has been easy for San Francisco's finest. It's taken nine albums and ten years to finally break this stubborn, conservative land. So was Neal Schon surprised by such major success arriving apparently out of the blue?:

“I guess so, yeah!” he replies in a tone half-way between nonchalance and



FRONTIER!

STEVE
PERRY
(right)
pictured
by Chris
Walter.

NEAL
SCHON
(below,
left)
pictured
by Ross
Halfin



amazement. "Especially when you consider that absolutely nothing has happened for us in Britain before. We could play one, maybe two nights in London and that was it – period!" Does the new-found reward make the possibility of live Journey appearances in the UK that much stronger?:

"Do you think that we're wanted there? I'd love to play in Britain, providing people don't throw bubblegum and spit at me. Our style isn't quite as tough as some of the British bands but I know that Y&T have broken wide open over there. I've known them for years so that encourages me. It's basically down to Herbie (Herbert – Journey's manager) but I can tell you that if we do come the show will be a lot heavier than it's been for a while."

But of course. 'Frontiers' really shook the Rock fans who (unlike my good self) had not been in tune with Journey's musical output for a good few years. You'll be pleased to hear that Neal is the driving hard rock force behind the Journey steamroller.

"Oh yeah! I've been wanting to play more guitar orientated pieces for quite a while now. I always wanted a harder rock thing and the other guys in the band would always tease me 'cos I was always screamin'.

'It's not heavy enough, maaan! I got my own way in the end which is great.

"There were so many ballads on 'Escape' (Journey's last wonderpiece and nowhere near as soft as Neal might suggest!) that it would have been the kiss of death for us to come out with something similar."

"I'll tell you – America was really ready to dump on us with this new album. I heard from the DJs that they were getting tired of our approach and they were looking for excuses to put us down. When we came up with something as different as 'Frontiers' there was nothing at all that they could say.

"We're the number one target for the critics in the US simply because we're so big. They like to stick knives into us and shoot bullets at us (he emits a wry laugh), not because of our music but because of the money we're making. I can understand it to a point because so many people here are suffering financially but what do they expect me to do, say that I don't want to make money?!"

"I think that the more rock-based material is going down really well live. We've just come back from a tour of Japan and they loved songs like 'Edge Of The Blade' and 'Chain Reaction' where I get to play

some big guitar pieces. We went platinum in the first week there and the sounds are a lot better, there's a lot more balls."

Is it the desire to play harder material that necessitated Steve Perry's lowering of his voice?:

"No. He wanted to do it on his own accord to expand and try something different. There were too many people coming along who sounded like him – but the new style was more conducive to the songs that I was writing."

Neal only co-wrote five of the songs for 'Frontiers' which would tend to suggest that he is keen to concentrate on other areas of his creativity aside from his Journey work:

"My position with Journey is the same as it's always been, but we've decided as a group that we don't want to stay in people's faces too much. The American radio doesn't help because they will only play a couple of numbers and people will grow to hate those two Journey songs and the band as a consequence, when we have so much more to offer."

"I'd like to adopt the role with Journey that Phil Collins has with Genesis. We're looking at putting out an album every eighteen months to two years from now on so that we have room to breathe."

Of course Neal has already branched out by recording two albums with musical virtuoso Jan Hammer. The first release, 'Untold Passion', contained some typically stunning Schon guitar play, but was overall fused too much towards the Jazz-Rock area to garner any widespread enthusiasm amongst Hard Rock fans. 'Here To Stay' however, the second Schon/Hammer work, retains much of the melodic feel which Journey possess and improves the album ten-fold over its predecessor. Yet Neal is not as convinced that it is an improvement:

"It was actually Jan's idea to play more mainstream music, something more straight ahead and commercial. In a way that was what I was trying to get a slight break from and when the album was completed, about a year ago, I wasn't exactly into it. In fact I hated it! I'd heard it so often through re-mixing and what have you that I didn't like any of the tunes. Now that I've had a break from it 'tho I realise that it did come out very well."

Indeed Neal has incorporated the gem-like 'No More Lies' from 'Here To Stay' into the latest Journey set:

"I wanted to do 'Self Defence' as well, especially since the whole band played on it on the album, but I think they might get mad at me if I pushed it too hard." But what of Neal's other plans?:

"As soon as I come off the

road with Journey in five months' time I'm going to record an album with Sammy Hagar. It'll be a combination of everything we've ever done between us in the past – Heavy Metal with a difference. I've always wanted to play more with him since I did a solo on his 'Danger Zone' album ('Love Or Money' I believe) and we jam together a lot"

"Then I also intend to record some stuff as genuine solo work, but if I could choose something particularly exciting to do, I'd really like to record with Eddie Van Halen. We have a mutual appreciation thing and although I haven't seen him for three years, I'm sure we'd get some amazing adrenalin flowing. I'd love to do a year 2000 version of the Yardbirds, with some real involved harmonies and guitar interchange."

Now that would be a collaboration to fear. No problem, it would blow any other guitar-orientated album in existence away. Let's pray it happens but until then, we can still marvel at the taste, skill and talent of Neal Schon – especially if those British dates, tentatively arranged for September, come off!

HOWARD JOHNSON

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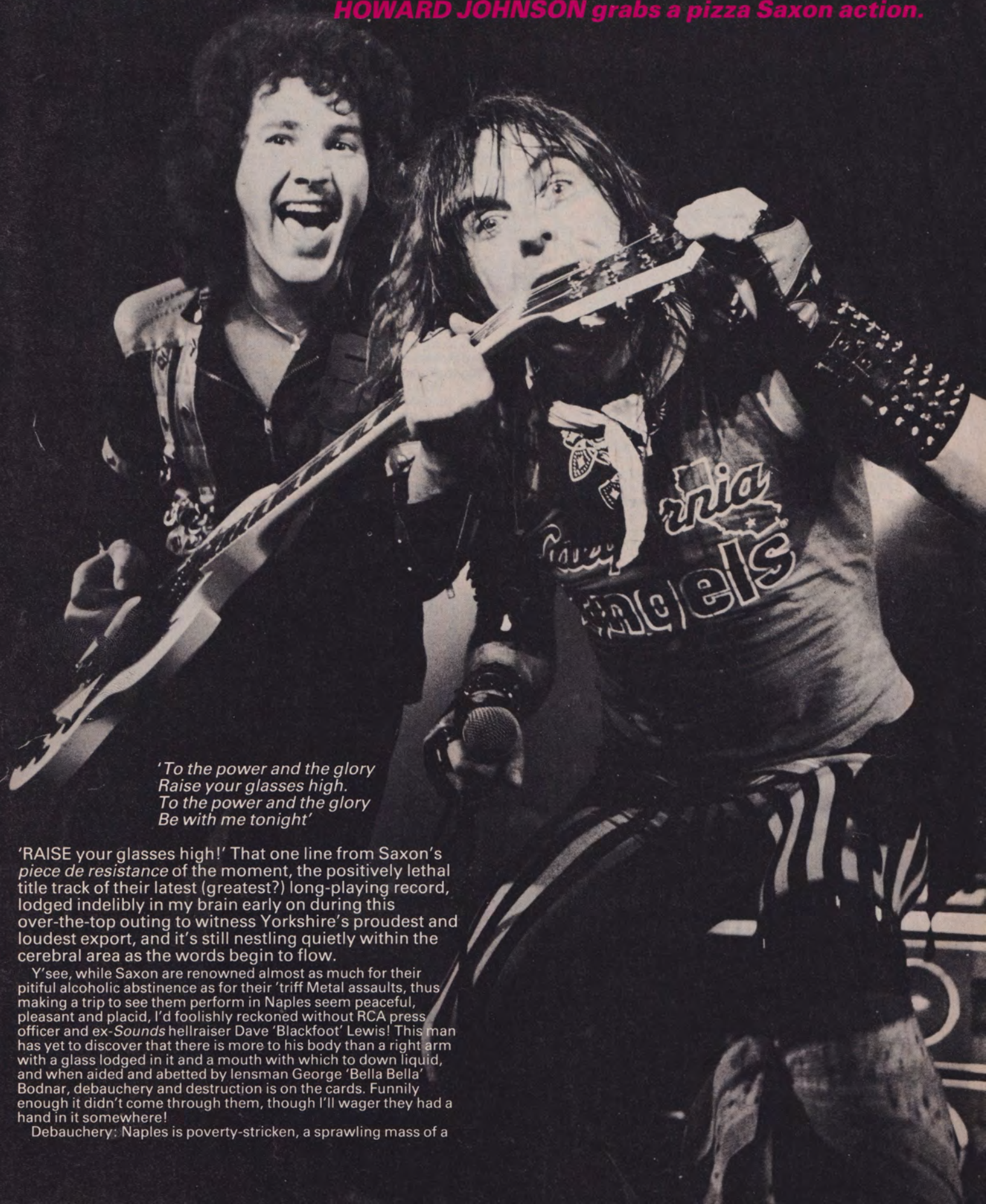
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NEAL SCHON: pic by Ross Halfin

SEE NAPLES & DIE!

HOWARD JOHNSON grabs a pizza Saxon action.



*'To the power and the glory
Raise your glasses high.
To the power and the glory
Be with me tonight'*

'RAISE your glasses high!' That one line from Saxon's *piece de resistance* of the moment, the positively lethal title track of their latest (greatest?) long-playing record, lodged indelibly in my brain early on during this over-the-top outing to witness Yorkshire's proudest and loudest export, and it's still nestling quietly within the cerebral area as the words begin to flow.

Y'see, while Saxon are renowned almost as much for their pitiful alcoholic abstinence as for their 'triff Metal assaults, thus making a trip to see them perform in Naples seem peaceful, pleasant and placid, I'd foolishly reckoned without RCA press officer and ex-*Sounds* hellraiser Dave 'Blackfoot' Lewis! This man has yet to discover that there is more to his body than a right arm with a glass lodged in it and a mouth with which to down liquid, and when aided and abetted by lensman George 'Bella Bella' Bodnar, debauchery and destruction is on the cards. Funnily enough it didn't come through them, though I'll wager they had a hand in it somewhere!

Debauchery: Naples is poverty-stricken, a sprawling mass of a

shanty town that suddenly gives way to a beautiful but battered city centre. You can contrast rows of what are little better than shacks with huge boulevards, open spaces and statues galore.

It's certainly a city with character, but the poverty takes its toll. Naples has one of the highest death rates in Italy for teenagers who just push one too many needles into their arm, and we daren't walk barefoot along the beach for fear of treading on a rusty hypo, casually discarded by some guy or gal in search of a kick.

The poverty takes its toll in a more obvious manner too – and the 'obvious manner' comes in the shape of prettyish legs, lounging by the side of the road where our hotel stands. Yeah, hookers, presumably forced into plying their trade openly due to a desperate need for cash. It's not subtle, nor is it particularly pleasant to see dreadfully fading or faded beauties parading their wares.

It's sordid and sad, though we can't help but smile a little when we return from the gig that night in the band's luxury tour bus and Biff suddenly spots one such lady who has gone to greater extremes than the rest and has her chest on display to the whole world! Oh well, that's life I guess!

Destruction. Apart from la Bella Bodnar deciding to offer hospitality to another journalist by bringing the drinks cabinet from his own room to the latter's – a cabinet that proceeded to defrost overnight and soak the room with rancid water – there was destruction in the air at the gig.

Saxon were ready to kill with a fresh quota of new material and to destroy our ears in their customary manner, but the Eyetye audience weren't the kind to sit back and let the band perform merely musical manslaughter.

These Latin louts, hair barely encroaching over eager ears I admit, were intent upon getting up and getting off to the sound of Heavy Metal thunder in any manner possible. Standing on seats, holding lighters to the heavens, dancing around in drunken disarray, climbing ridiculous heights up support poles to the ceiling of this big-top tent – these were merely a few of the assorted pastimes employed to *destroy* any cold-hearted apathy towards their British guests. Saxon were wildly greeted and responded in kind.

Now, apart from a particularly tedious appearance at last year's Donington debacle, I had not witnessed Saxon since their first major UK headlining tour to promote the 'Wheels Of Steel' album. On that particular Mancunian evening, the band was still feeling its way and didn't impress me greatly because of a general dearth of

great songs. Sure, 'Wheels Of Steel' and '747' were there, but there wasn't enough excellence to carry a whole set. Whatever, Saxon broke through on a huge scale and headlining large halls did them a power of good. It shows now – in Naples.

The set displayed tonight is brash, flash (a couple of obligatory bombs) and full to the brim with panache. The infamous eagle was grounded owing to a lack of space at the gig, but raucous renditions of 'Princess Of The Night' (so much stronger live than on record), 'Dallas 1pm', 'Hungry Years' and 'Strong Arm Of The Law', coupled with new anthems of the stature of 'Power And The Glory', 'This Town' and 'Redline', make Saxon '83 one almighty bundle of energy and class. They may be the Nuggets' favourite, but Saxon are still a highly credible band.

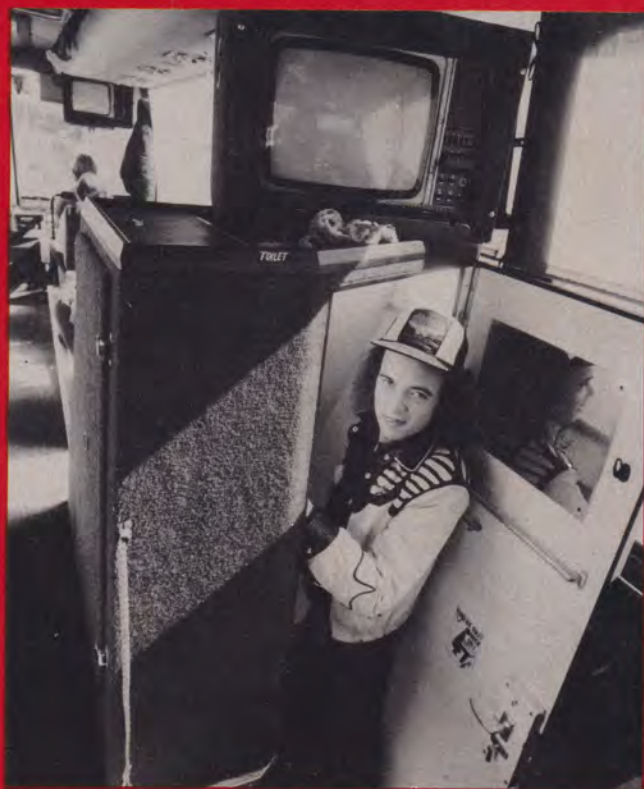
Saxon showed that quintessentially they are a live band, so it's amazing indeed that their fifth album, the live chronologue 'The Eagle Has Landed', turned out to be so incredibly disappointing. No justice was done to some excellent songs and after witnessing the band perform tonight, it's sad that there is still no adequate vinyl proof of their live capabilities.

"We recorded only three or four shows for the live album," Biff tells me after the show, "and I think it showed in the final product. It was a live album, probably too live, and though it captured the power, there were a lot of intricacies within the band that didn't come across. It was merely a live representation of what we were at the time. If we'd known Jeff then we would definitely have used him because 'Eagle...' badly needed a strong producer to bolster it up."

The particular 'Jeff' in question is Jeff Glixman, semi-legendary American producer of the likes of Mothers Finest, Kansas, Magnum and Gary Moore. His work on 'Power And The Glory' has to my ears opened up a new era in the Saxon history. This is an American sounding album which does not sound American, and that's not a tautology.

What I mean by the statement is that the band are still attacking their Metal with a frenetic verve you won't find chez REO, Styx or Foreigner but the 'sound' created relies on bringing the songs melodies more immediately to the fore. Biff's vocals are more distinct, the guitars are certainly not muted but blend better together and Steve Dawson's bass is a revelation – boosted high in the mix and providing a deliciously full bottom end to the Saxon sound. Biff:

"We've always performed better live and up until now our records haven't really done us total justice. What helped with the new album was that Jeff specifically wanted to produce us. He



Saxon film buff PAUL QUINN attempts feeble Eraserhead (or should that be Erazorhead?) impression . . . then adjourns to the mobile wine cellar for a bottle of something long and cool. Where do they chill it? The mind boggles . . .

TROUBLE ON CAPITOL HILL (Part 4) IT SEEMS that Capitol (US) are living up to a reputation garnered in recent years for dropping some of their best acts (victims include such luminaries as Riot and Manowar). They carry on this bizarre new tradition with the announcement of latest axing, The Plasmatics, who've just completed a Stateside tour supporting Kiss – surely the most perfect match of the year. Despite these trials and tribulations, though, silicon pinhead Wendy O. Williams has definitely *not* mellowed. She still wields the chainsaw, dismembering TV sets and guitars before retiring to her new throne – a fork lift truck that raises her high above the stage. Any Capitol A&R men passing by, be warned! You could be in line for a personality split!

PETE MAKOWSKI

